

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 550,000 COPIES  
SOLD EVERY WEEK •



Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

July 22, 1944

PRICE

3

CARL  
SHREVE



# What makes a GREAT CONDUCTOR?

## Ormandy has inspired our orchestras

By KENNETH WILKINSON

**E**XPERIENCED musicians have been amazed at the way Eugene Ormandy has developed the playing of Australian orchestras.

After only a week's rehearsals, he has converted these orchestras from teams of more or less competent players into musical bodies that give performances of world standard.

How was this possible?

The individual players are the same as before.

We knew, or thought we knew, their capabilities.

They cannot, within the week, have suddenly become masters of their instruments.

What magic does Ormandy wield? In reality, he has no more magic than a famous general planning a campaign.

Just as the general knows when his infantry must advance, when it must wait for the artillery barrage, when the rocket-planes must move in, and even when there must be a strategic retreat, so the conductor knows how to deploy his orchestral forces.

He must know when to let the first violins soar, when to hold back the trumpets in favor of the clarinet's song, and when to keep the whole orchestra subdued to a soft, even web of sound.

The conductor has his own army, like the general.

The aim of the conductor's army is to realise the composer's intentions to the highest possible degree.

There is much more to this than the playing of the notes, and the observance of the composer's directions for loud and soft, fast and slow.

Some modern composers, like Igor Stravinsky, declare that their music is at its best when reproduced as mechanically as possible.

But there are as many ways of interpreting a passage in Beethoven or Tchaikovsky as there are ways of speaking a sentence with different effects of expression and emphasis.

That is where the personality of a conductor like Ormandy comes in.

In a thoroughly trained orchestra any player could take up the baton and give the orchestra the beat throughout a Beethoven Symphony.

The result would be superficially adequate, but it would not stand up to serious criticism.

The musical world is teeming with conductors who can give the beat, and even impart some shading and proportion to the work in hand.

But conductors of genius, like generals of genius, are rare indeed.

That is why these conductors are paid such huge fees.

Like generals, they must gain the allegiance and enthusiasm of the men they lead.

On the eve of battle, General Montgomery travels about addressing his men.

His beret becomes a legend, his personality familiar to all, at least in newspaper article and picture.

Inspired by "Monty," the Army gives of its best.

Just so, at the rehearsals before the concert, Ormandy has to conquer the admiration and imagination of his players.

They may not grow to love him personally.

Georg Schnepf, nearly brought about a mutiny among the A.B.C. Symphony Orchestras at one stage by telling the men "they played like pigs" and the women "they should stay at home and have babies instead of disgracing the musical profession."

But the players all gained a vivid admiration of him as a musician, and that, together with the sheer tyranny of his methods, drove them on.

The conductor must be an autocrat, a dictator.

Dr. Malcolm Sargent and Sir Thomas Beecham, though they addressed the instrumentalists with courtesy, were always authoritative.

Orchestral players are merciless in detecting and unmasking anyone who tries to bluff his way through.

Each new conductor has to master them and prove his worth.

Each player has specialised for many years in his own instrument, and he thinks he knows all there is to be known about it.

If he finds that that new conductor (young whippersnapper!) cannot tell when he does a piece of slipshod playing, slightly out of tune, he begins to take life more easily.

The whole intonation of the orchestra becomes impure.

It is astonishing how quickly this happens.

I have heard it again and again after some distinguished conductor has left Australia.

The way of the Australian conductor is certainly hard.

Ormandy comes to us with the aura of American successes sitting brightly round his head.

When he ascends the rostrum the players are critical, as usual; but they are ready to be convinced.

On the other hand, when an Australian takes up the baton, there is no preliminary glamor.

He has to make good with a vengeance.

This applies, also, to the people sitting in the hall.

I think, though, that Australian audiences' perception of musical values is much quicker than it used to be.

Concertgoers are not really taken in by dramatic gestures and spectacular poses if the substance of interpretation is not there.

It is not necessary for the conductor to behave like a man possessed.

If you watch the finest conductors you will see that at quiet moments they keep the left hand still, and sometimes they almost cease to beat time.

The orchestra is then going on happily, and needs no stimulating or coaxing.

When a direction is given—a wave at the second violins; a swaying of the body toward the cellos; a dramatic pointing at the trumpets in a climax—it really means something.

The musical general is conducting his campaign—ordering an advance here, a retreat there, and rushing to encourage his forces if they show signs of flagging at any point.

They will do for him, in the heat of battle, things that surprise even themselves.

They will storm imaginary Normandy beaches and climb metaphorical Kokoda Trails.

The weakest find strength and the strong become supermen.

That is what Ormandy has done for Australian orchestras.



Try it again



Keep it flowing



Delicately



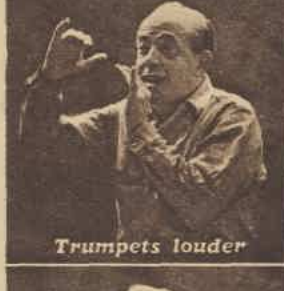
Not too loud



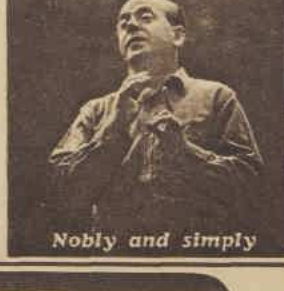
Can't hear you



Out of tune



Trumpets louder



Nobly and simply

• These pictures of EUGENE ORMANDY conducting a rehearsal of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra were taken by HAYDN BECK, who led the orchestra during the Ormandy concerts.

PHILIPS LAMPS IN EVERY  
SOCKET  
MEAN LESS STRAIN ON EYES  
AND POCKET  
(MADE IN AUSTRALIA)



FIT A  
**PHILIPS**  
and SEE the difference

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED  
SYDNEY — MELBOURNE — ADELAIDE — PERTH — BRISBANE

SPRAINS, NEURITIS,  
BRUISES, SORE THROAT,  
SWOLLEN JOINTS, SPORTS'  
INJURIES, CRAMP, SWOLLEN  
GLANDS, RHEUMATIC  
TWINGES and kindred ailments  
call for prompt treatment with

**IODEX**  
NO-STAIN ROBIN  
AT ALL CHEMISTS 2/-

In cases which do not yield quickly to Iodex treatment, see your Doctor without delay.

RUB IN IODEX  
RUB OUT PAIN





# Violets From Portugal

By...

HELENE CARPENTER

**B**LUE smoke drifted in lazy swirls above the tables. The cocktail lounge was filled with late afternoon customers crowding in from storm-darkened streets.

A slender girl with smooth gold hair gleaming under the edge of her little fur hat stared into the depths of her glass.

"I wish it were milk," she said. Her companion, a square-set young man with his heart in his eyes, said, "I'll get you some," and turned to signal a waiter.

"Don't bother, Edward." After all, she was used to substitutes for just about everything. She raised her glass, and the enormous topaz on her finger winked at the matching gems in her ears. "Na Zdarovya!" she said.

He touched his glass to hers. "Is that Russian for 'Here's mud in your eye,' Susan?"

"Approximately. I learned one other phrase. Nichevo—what does it matter? Said with a shrug. Like this." Her fur coat slipped from her shoulders, displaying a green wool dress with an ornament of barbaric beauty at its neck.

This is a stupid conversation, she thought, as he adjusted the hystorous fur over the chair, for people who once meant so much to each other. But what do you say to the man you should have married—and didn't? The man whose ring you returned to marry John Westbrook, a scaramouch born with the gift of tongues and laughter, who swept you out of your small-town orbit, into a bewildering maze of military and diplomatic protocol. But now headed for the ash heap of divorce.

It was good to see Edward again. She tried not to remember the hurt in his eyes on the day he had looked at the small diamond glittering in the palm of his hand. "I think you're making a mistake," he had said. "When you find it out, I'll be round and waiting."

Well, she'd found it out. And Edward was still waiting. Edward, who always broke his stride to walk in step with her. With John, she had needed seven-league boots—with which Nature had failed to equip her.

She glanced at her watch: 3.15. John should arrive in a few minutes. A few minutes to lay the ghost of five years. She must tell him coolly, briefly, that she wanted a divorce.

"Tell me about your flight from Moscow," Edward said. "Our mothers have been discussing your five-month trek over the garden fence."

"There isn't much to tell."

Odd how her tongue could prattle while she dealt with ghosts. She could sum up her whole married life in one command: "In the buggy, Susie!" That's what John always said when he meant they were on the move again. The words were prelude to nightmare.

Fly here. Motor there. Take a boat. Take a train. Leave the trunks. Don't worry about the language; your diplomatic visa will see you through. Boil the water. Don't drink the milk. Good-bye. Sweet. Meet me in Hongkong, Manila, Moscow!

This last time, Susan had said good-bye at the Moscow airport. The Nazis were marching on Russia. Embassy wives were being sent to neutral countries at five hours' notice, although rumors had been flying thickly for months—soldiers marching, wheels rolling through Red Square night and day.

There'd been no laughter at the corner of John's mouth, no teasing gaiety in his eyes when he'd said, "You're going to Iran." He kissed her hard, but she had steered herself against the pressure of his mouth. Her heart had become a tightly wrapped cocoon. Her head was going to carry on from there.

She hadn't looked down when the plane circled the field. She was trying to remember who it was that had said, "Life is a comedy for those who think, a tragedy for those who feel."

She jerked her mind back to the present, glanced at her watch, 5.30. It was set into an antique bracelet carrying the stamp of the Czar.

Jewels and embassy intrigue! When all she'd wanted, from the very beginning, was a plain little home with a kitchen in which to hang her red curtains. How important those few yards of red-and-white gingham had become to her! She had bought them for their first flat when John was on a language course at Columbia University. She'd sewed every stitch of those curtains by hand, and was perched on top of a kitchen stool about to hang them when John had burst in, waving an official envelope.

"In the buggy, Susie!" he cried, swinging her off the stool. "California, here we come!"

"Oh, John!" she wailed, "just when I had my curtains finished!"

He'd kissed the tip of her nose. "I wouldn't be surprised if they had windows in California."

By the time Susan had re-shaped the curtains, John had been ordered on foreign service.

"The day I hang these," she said, "I'll know I've got a home at long last."

"The nesting instinct dies hard," he teased.

"We had sparrows in the ivy at home," she said. "Father was always pulling their nests down. The minute he went into the house they'd pick up the scraps and begin building again. I felt sorry for them. Their nests grew so ragged."

He looked at her, his voice oddly soft. "Let's keep them for luck. People carry old coins and ivory elephants. Why shouldn't we carry kitchen curtains?"

**S**USAN glanced at her watch again: 3.40. She held her breath as a tall officer came into the cocktail lounge—but no, it wasn't John.

Edward looked up from the design he'd been making on the table with matches. "Your mother thought you might come home now. I'm leaving on the midnight."

Susan twirled the stem of her glass between her fingers. "I must see John first."

"John?"

"I left word at the desk for him to meet us here," she explained. "He's flying from Lisbon." (His cable had read, Am bringing you violets from Portugal.)

Edward seemed troubled.

"Didn't you know John had been recalled to Washington for conference?" she asked.

"Yes," he admitted, "but that was some time ago. When he didn't arrive with the diplomatic corps, I—"

"Didn't arrive? What do you mean?" Her heart skipped a beat.

"Didn't you know?" said Edward. Then his face cleared. "Of course not. You were at sea."

"Tell me." Urgently sharpened her voice.

"He wasn't on the plane when it left Kuibyshev. The newspapers said he'd returned to Moscow. If Washington knew why, they weren't putting it out."

"But the Germans were shelling Moscow then!" she cried. "Why should he go back?" Had John been wounded? His cable hadn't said. Just that nonsense about violets.

Then she laughed at herself for being a naive little fool. "John," she said dryly, "is indestructible." But she drained her glass and slid it to the edge of the table.

Edward laid his hand over her watch. "Susan," he said. "I know a construction engineer is pretty dull stuff. But I'd like to be a plumed knight on a white charger."

Susan smiled. She couldn't tell him now what she had decided to do. John had the right to know first.

It had been no white charger that had carried John into her life. It had been a brown polo pony at a nearby Army post. She'd gone to stay with Dot Graham.

John had ridden up to their car. He'd been her blind date for the post dance that night. Susan remembered with painful vividness the quick charm of his smile. Grey eyes in a lean brown face; black triangular eyebrows that sharpened in jest.

"Blondes should have blue eyes," he reproved her. "I'll have to get you a yellow and brown orchid. I ordered a violet corsage."

"I love violets," she assured him laughingly. "I've just planted a whole border of them in my garden."

"You have a garden?" he asked incredulously, as if she'd said she had two noses.

"People have gardens," Dot said. "Homes, too!" She turned to Susan. "John doesn't believe that. He tucks his head under his wing and goes to sleep like a duck on a pond."

That should have warned her, but it had not. He rode back into the game carrying her heart with him.

The magic of that spring night! She'd worn an elaborate frock with a train and a sash. The violets were perfect, with a cluster of rosebuds in the centre.

By the lake, in a dawn-filled moment, he kissed her.

"But I'm engaged," she protested.

He lifted his dark head, and she could see the laughter mounting behind his eyes. "I don't want to be engaged," he said. "I want to be married."

And they were. Within the week she was the wife of Capt. John Westbrook, Military Intelligence. At that time G-2 was just a letter in the alphabet and a number from one to ten.

It was later that the full force of her own inadequacy struck her—three years later, when John was made military attaché to Russia. "John, darling," she mourned, "I can bake hot rolls, but I'm stupid with languages."

"Learn to say, 'I don't know,' and you'll get along."

"I can sew a fine seam, but I'm dumb about foreign affairs."

"Never speak unless you have absolutely nothing to say. That's a diplomatic axiom."

Then she'd made a mistake. She tried to get him to resign from the Army. "It isn't as if you hadn't a private income. Aren't we ever going to put down roots? Are we always to be wandering on the face of the earth?"

She had wept, but he didn't take her in his arms. "Get this straight, Susan"—his voice was rough. "I don't walk about draped in the American flag. But when I go out of the United States Army, it will be with taps playing."

So many things had happened since then—so many things. Again she pulled her mind back to this day, this hour. Edward's face swam into focus, and she realised she was talking quite coherently. "We left the plane at Baku and crossed the Caspian by boat—"

"We?"

"Gwendra Kane, wife of a foreign correspondent at Moscow, and her little boy. The three of us stayed in Teheran until the news grew worse and the American consul advised us to work our way south."

Please turn to  
page 4



By the lake, in a dawn-filled moment, he kissed her.



# Violets From Portugal

Continued from page 3

It was in Persia that Gwenda had talked about her Jimmie's intention to buy a small-town newspaper as soon as this fracas was over. "We don't want little Jimmie to spend his life dragging from pillar to post. It puts a mark on them, don't you think?"

Susan didn't think. She knew. John bore that mark.

The long voyage home took on the quality of an uneasy dream. Little Jimmie, who had barely survived the sunless, killing cold of a Russian winter, had a sunstroke. Looking at the child's small bones thrusting through his skin, she had asked Gwenda: "Suppose big Jimmie won't buy that small-town paper? Suppose he insists on roaming the world? What will you do?"

Gwenda had gazed over the rail, where a pitiless sun danced on a copper sea, and spoken simply: "Then I should say, like Ruth in the Bible, 'Whither thou goest, I will go.'"

Sitting here in the New York cocktail lounge with Edward, Susan put that answer resolutely out of her mind. What she couldn't put out of her mind was the bout of fever she'd had in Bombay alone, and wondering what was to become of her.

Neither could she forget the sub-off Capetown that finally turned out to be British—but not before a Polish refugee standing beside her had suddenly gone mad and thrown herself into the sea. Least of all could she afford to remember the bitterness of that night before she left Russia.

It had started in the afternoon with a cocktail party. Elena, the wife of an important foreign minister, was giving it. She was a red Persian cat of a woman. That she was half in love with John was an open secret, amusing to everyone except Susan.

The ambassador's wife let it be known that she was going to call on Susan, and together they would go to Elena's party.

Susan was dressing when Gwenda Kane phoned—frantic, distraught. Little Jimmie was ill. It looked like an emergency appendix, and she couldn't find a doctor. Would Susan come over and stay with the child while she tracked one down?

Susan could and did; forgetting the ambassador's wife; forgetting Elena's party—until Gwenda arrived finally with a doctor in tow. Then it was too late.

The ambassador's wife was sweet and patient about it, as one is sweet and patient with a backward child. But there was an Embassy dinner that night, and Susan wondered in what way Elena would manage to humiliate her. John had impressed upon her the importance of keeping things smooth between the legations.

Nerves were on edge waiting for the inevitable blow, not knowing from which direction it would strike.

John came into her room that evening, handsome in full dress. Her fingers trembled as she fastened an emerald necklace set in heavy Finnish gold about her throat.

"I'm sorry," she said, "about this afternoon."

He ran an impatient hand over his thick, dark hair. "You're so impulsive, Susan. Won't you ever grow up? Couldn't you have found time to send a message?"

"I didn't think," she defended herself. "Jimmie's temperature was 104. I rushed right over. You see," she said hopelessly, "I'll never learn that an artificial code comes before human sympathy."

He strode to the window. Through her mirror she could see him staring down at the rumbling cavalcade below. Finally, he gave a short sigh and turned back to her. "Stop fretting, sweet." He dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "John can fix."

Yes, John could put right the blunders his wife made. Bitterly she watched him doing it, later, with his adroit mixture of wit and impudence.

After dinner, the huge Soviet general with whom Susan was dancing gave an abrupt turn, as she saw, through an archway, red hair against black. Elena, tall and beautiful with her Slavic cheekbones, over-ripe lips and thick, creamy skin, was pressing her cheek against John's as they executed slow turns to waltz time. Her slumbrous green eyes were half-closed. Susan could almost hear her purr.

Jealousy drove through Susan. "Why do I go on?" she asked herself. "It's going to be like this all my life. Only I'll be getting older, and there will always be an Elena."

Back in their living-room, silence had hung like a heavy black curtain between them. In her ear the ever-marching boots outside made hammers of sound.

In sudden revolt she rushed to the window and slammed it shut. John took a long drag on his cigarette and lifted a questioning eyebrow. Nervously she began to strip off her bracelets, earrings, necklace.

"Pity I didn't buy you that ruby pendant we saw in Kiev," he said. "Too late now."

"I don't want rubies," she cried. "I want a gas stove, and a refrigerator that works. I want to belong to garden clubs. I want to bake pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving, and trim trees at Christmas."

He uncrossed his long legs and watched her pace the rug. "You're living in the middle of history."

"I want to live in the middle of America," the words tumbled from her lips. "I'm sick of watching shore lines drop behind my ship, and earth falling away from my plane, and landscapes flying by so fast that I can't see the homes or the people who live in them. I hate being cooped up in an Embassy, dining every night with foreign cats."

He was on his feet shaking her. "Make sense," he said harshly. "You've got a ringside seat for the greatest show on earth."

"You can have it," she flung at him. "I'd rather have a little house with lilacs in the garden and tricycles on the path and—" her



## Time to get up

**JOHNNY**, fox terrier mascot of an Army Press unit, wakes Pte. Lawson Glasop in time for him to gather news for his Army paper from an early morning radio session. Johnny is as good as an alarm clock. He jumps on Pte. Glasop's bed every morning and escorts him to the office. Nurses at an A.G.H. in the same area gave Johnny to the Press unit when a blitz was conducted on the numerous dogs who had made their home at the hospital.

voice broke—"and a kitchen to hang—my curtains—in."

"So that's how it is!" He let her go so abruptly that she almost fell. "I thought you married me. What I sum up to as a man. Not as a way of life." He shot her a hard, level look. "The next time you marry, remember that!" His words killed the sobs in her throat. The next time you marry. He was telling her what she'd begun to suspect—that he was tired of carrying superfluous cargo.

They stood in the middle of the floor, facing each other across the gulf of words. The telephone's sudden ringing was like a flash of lightning through a storm cloud. She stood rooted to the spot while he answered it, listening without comprehension to his monosyllables.

Without explanation he banged out of the flat. Dazedly she went into her bedroom and set about undressing.

When he returned, his face was a polite mask. "It's come," he said. "Things'll be hectic. You're leaving Moscow. Wives are being sent to neutral countries."

"What will you do?" Her voice sounded tiny and far off.

"Move with headquarters to Kulyabshv. Hurry!"

She began to throw things into a bag, without recognition until, on opening a big, carved chest, she saw neat folds of red and white gingham. John, coming from the bathroom with his toilet things, saw them, too. Their eyes met and held an instant. She let the lid fall.

Even the sparrows in her father's ivy were eventually discouraged! . . .

5.45. Edward was holding a match towards Susan's cigarette, when she saw John enter the lounge. Her hand trembled. She put down her cigarette—unlighted. Heads turned to look at the tall man in uniform striding towards her.

She was shocked by the haggard leanness of his face, the grey at his temples, the thin red scar on his forehead that had not been there five months ago.

"You know Edward," she said mechanically.

The men shook hands. "Quite a surprise," said Edward. "I was telling Susan what a stir it caused when you didn't arrive on schedule."

There was an awkward pause. Susan then spoke with desperate gaiety:

"John's apt to show up anywhere, any time. He was born with a roving foot."

"But not a roving heart," John said. His eyes held hers steadily. There was no laughter in them.

Edward stood up, embarrassed. "I'm taking the night train west," he explained, "but I'd like to take you both to dinner if—"

John cut in: "I'm taking the plane for Washington this evening."

Susan was hardly aware of Edward's going, so intent was she on John's gaunt face. She thought wildly, "That scar! He can be hurt. He isn't indestructible." The bands about her heart threatened to slip.

"Remember Elena," she told herself. "Remember the forty below zero Russian winter, the heat of the Arabian Sea, fever in Bombay—"

"Scotch and soda, please," John spoke to the hovering waiter. He laid his brief case on the empty chair and placed a small white box in front of Susan.

The name of a Lisbon florist was on the lid. With stiff fingers she untied the purple ribbon and opened it. Nestling on its bed of oiled green paper was a corsage of violets, in the centre a cluster of rosebuds. Blindly she looked at them, afraid to move her eyes lest tears fell. The flowers were still fresh, lovely, rootless things.

"It was nice of you to remember," she said; to herself she thought: "But you can't go back to beginnings—ever." She did not remove the flowers from the box.

"I'm to be at the War Office for the present," he said.

"You're not going back to Russia?"

"I may later on." A wry smile twisted his fatigue-lined face. "If that's what it takes to make this world of ours safe for all the coming Christmases; all the children and all the tree trimmers."

"You'll never change, will you, John? Even after the world quiets down?"

"I wish to heaven I could say yes. But it wouldn't be true." Even as he spoke, she knew she wouldn't want him to change.

"Will you come to Washington with me?"

She had to beat down the emotion that bubbled to the surface.

The dispatch case slid off the chair on to the floor. He picked it up and put it on the table.

It reminded her of something. "Why did you go back to Moscow. Or shouldn't I ask?"

A light flamed in his eyes, then died. "It wasn't official. Call it a sentimental journey. I see now that it was a crazy idea."

But Susan saw something sticking out from under the flap. She pulled at it.

"John!" she whispered unbelievably. "You didn't go back—didn't risk your life for kitchen curtains!"

His grim mouth slipped sideways in a ghost of a smile. "You used to say that home, for me, was where my hat was. It isn't. It's where my heart is. You're my heart, Sue. A man's no good without his heart. The curtains were only part of the pattern. I thought they might prove something to you." The hunger in his voice was unmistakable.

Tears pressed against her lids. The bands snapped, and her heart seemed to break loose from its moorings. He did need her! Knowing that, a woman could do anything.

She lifted the violets from their box, pinned them to her shoulder. A tear slipped down her cheek. Her lips moved soundlessly to finish a quotation begun by another woman on a sun-fired sea. "Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

"What are you saying?" His glance built a pedestal for her feet.

"I'm saying—what are we waiting for?" Instantly he was on his feet, the old familiar laughter mounting behind his eyes.

"Come on then, into the buggy, Susie," he said, and pulled back her chair.

(Copyright)

**WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.**  
**DAY & NIGHT WEAR**  
**WYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM**  
**REGD. TRADE MARK**

*Every day is a day nearer Victory—and all the 'Viyella' & 'Clydella' your Baby needs*

William Hollins & Co. Ltd. remind you to keep on buying War Savings Certificates.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., BOX 3335 PP., G.P.O., SYDNEY

## INDIGESTION CAUSED BY EXCESS ACIDS

That's the usual cause of simple indigestion—excess acids in the digestive tract. The stomach becomes inflamed, you get stabbing, shooting pains which double you in two. Neutralise those excess acids with quick-acting Bisurated Magnesia. It stops fermentation, soothes the inflamed stomach lining, frees you from pain. BISURATED MAGNESIA (trade mark "Bismag"). At all chemists and stores.



# You Can't Escape

The winner of our £1000 novel contest gives us this provocative and unusual story of psychic adventure.

**H**ES sitting in his taxi one night. It's on a rank near Hyde Park. It's late, see, and all the theatres are out long ago, and there's not many people on the streets, and he's reading one of them library books and this chap suddenly comes up alongside him.

"What about our little trip?" he says.

At first Chippy thinks he's had one or two, see; but then he thinks no, he hasn't, and it's just his way, so he chats him.

"Trip where?" he asks.

Well, this chap leans toward him, and Chip says he's a middle-size bloke, with big, soft eyes, sort of tender-lookin', and his voice is low, and Chip says you notice it straight off.

"You know," he says.

Well, Chippy thinks he's a bit screwy, see, but the bloke keeps on staring at him, and Chip says he gets confused like though he can't see why the heck, and he wishes this nit-wit would go away.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he says. "Do you want to go anywhere, or don'tcher?"

Now this bloke don't answer all at once. He just lets his eyes rove all over Chippy's face just like he was summing him up, see; and then he lets out a sigh. It was a sigh, Chippy tells me, like a little child restless in sleep, and then, no, he thinks, it wasn't. It was like women crying, only crying without tears, if you understand, and it made a kind of shudder go through him, and his throat swelled up like the feeling you get at the picketers when they pull the sob stuff.

Chip says his mind seemed it didn't belong to him, and all the lights round the park blurred, and it seemed he thinks he's in a little room, and he's a bit of a kid of only six, and someone's saying you pore lamb, your pore mother's gone to be an angel; and then the lights slowly gets bright again, and there's this bloke still alongside the taxi, smiling quite friendly-like, and he puts out his hand and picks up the library book off Chippy's knee.

Now this Chippy's a careful feller, and he never turns down a page to mark the place where he's up to like you or me, but he's got a bit of ribbon that he sticks in to tell him where to begin again, see, and this bloke looks at this ribbon, and then he turns the pages over slow till he's got to the end, and then he puts the book back.

"You've just enough time, Chippy," he says, "to find out has it got a happy ending," and the next thing he's hurrying away like he's suddenly remembered he's got another appointment.

Well, something about this bloke's manner and his way of speaking has got Chippy rattled, and he feels so queer that he beds his taxi down and comes home pronto. It's early for him, see, and I'm still awake reading the sporting page because I can see I'm going to have a pretty hard time picking 'em on Saturday.

"Got any whisky?" he asks.

You could-a knocked me over.

"What's up?" I says. "Sick?"

Because this Chippy's got a idea that whisky's pretty poisonous stuff. Not that he don't take his pot or two, but he's one of them coves who only drinks when he's thirsty, see. So I hope outa bed and pours him a stiff tot and hands it to him where he's sitting on the side of his cot, pretty white and grim-looking. He swigs it down at a gulp, which surprises me, too, and then he tells me what I been telling you—about the bloke sighing, and how it sounded, and the lights in Hyde Park all going blah and his mother dying, and all that; so in the end I laughs like you would.

The city's a big place, I tell him, and there's some queer birds about. Maybe, I says, it was one of them

hypnotists. There was one up at a show the other week sayin' "You're asleep," and then a big boob goes all gooey, and thinks he's at a party, and smokes a candle for a cigar. Snap out of it, I says. It's a lotta hokey. Forget it, and get some shut eye.

"I suppose I'm a fool, Mike," he says, and I can see he's rattled by the slow way he undresses like he was in a dream already, but at last he gets into bed.

"You been reading too many of them library books," I tells him. "You want to take a pull on yourself." And I thinks this is pretty good advice, because this Chippy's always got a load of books which give me a pain, and I never yet see him with a real book like a Wild West, or a thriller.

Well, he says he s'poses I'm right, but I can see he don't believe it, and I can tell something has got into his hair. He suddenly sits up in bed and says, "Mike," he says, "how did he know my name was Chippy?"

Now this is a puzzle to me, too, because his name's not Chippy, y'see, but only a name give him by me, and only me and a few of his coppers calls him by this monniker because his real name is Wybert Chalmers, and this is a very hard name for us to take. But I think a bit, and I tells Chippy the bloke might have found it out a dozen ways. It's easy enough to get to know a bloke's monniker, I says, without asking him for his visiting card. "Perget it," I says, "and let's go to asleep."

**I**SPOSE the whisky helped. Anyway, the next thing I know it's morning, and Chippy's still asleep, so I dresses very quiet and toddles off. Well, it's the day the Derby's run, and I'm pretty busy, one thing and another, but, funny enough, I can't seem to get Chippy outa my mind. You see, I know this bird pretty well, rooming with him for three years, and I know he's not the sort to park his troubles on a clobber.

He's a peculiar bloke, never messing round with the dames or s.p., but he's a pretty good sort for all that, and me and him had got along pretty good, and if it was anyone else I'd have said, go and fry your face, but with Chippy it's different, see, because him talkin' and lookin' like he did is like a reverend bettin' up in church and singin' "Hy-de-ho"—it's all outa place.

Between the races I gets to worryin' why he was worryin'. If this is one of them smart Alick publicists putting over a stunt, I thinks, I'll find him out and knock his block off, because this thing I can see musta got Chippy rocking on his feet; so after I gets the Derby winner and finds for once I've picked it, I'm feeling a bit of a conscience that I didn't wait round and git him a bit a breakfast, and see if he'd forgot about this hypnotist bird that had given him the jitters.

So I don't wait for the last race result, which shows this thing has got into my hair, too, and I goes along to the rank where I can usually pick him up about this time, but none of the chaps has seen him all day, which is very peculiar, and I blames myself some more. I think I'll have a quick one, and then go home, and it's when I'm in the bar I hears something that takes a bit of weight off me mind, and I laughs at the way us mugs can be took in, and I thinks Benjamin Franklin was right—there's one born every minute, only he don't exaggerate enough.

When I gets home there's Chippy sitting in a chair, the red library book on his knee, just staring out of the window, but with the sort of look, you know, that don't see nothin'. In fact, he don't even hear me come in, and when I speak he gives a jump.



"I don't know what you're talking about," Chip said to the stranger.

"Why, hello Mike," he says, and I see his eyes is a bit bloodshot, and I thinks he has been at the whisky, which he hasn't, because later on I looks and I can tell he hasn't even sunk one. "You're back early, ain't you?"

"They tell me on the rank," I says, "you ain't been drivin'. What's the matter?" I asks. "Sick?"

"No," he says, quiet-like. "I've asked myself that, Mike, but I'm really all right—physically."

"Look, Chippy," I says. "Don't tell me you've still got that hypnotist bird on your mind?"

He looks up at me, and I can see at once that he has, and he's worried stiff. He don't speak for a moment, then he nods his head. "That's how it is, Mike," he tells me.

"Well, you poor mutt," I says, "I can relieve your mind about that booze," I says, and I tells him what I listened to at the pub. "It was an old chap with one arm," I tells him, "talking to a barmaid, and he's half-sozzled already, and set for a good soak, the rate he was pouring 'em out. 'This fella come up to me (he tells the barmaid), and stops me in the street and says, 'What about that little trip with me?'—just the

same words like he said to you, remember, Chippy?—and the old bird goes on to the barmaid: 'Stopped me, he did, confound him; but the peculiar part was, me dear, I couldn't tell him what I thought of him—funny that, eh? Me? I just goggled at him,' this old soak says, 'and, instead of telling him off, I gets a funny feeling I'm back in India, and it's the day the tiger nearly got me, and this feller is standing alongside me, which is ridiculous, so I pulls meself together and says, 'What trip! I ain't goin' no trip.' 'Oh, yea, you are,' he replies. 'The rate you're goin', he says, 'you can't get there quick enough.' Then he taps me on the arm and says, 'I'll be seein' ya,' and off he toddles, blast him. And what do you think of that?' the old bloke asks the barmaid."

I'm glad I listens to this, I tells Chippy, because anyone with half an eye can see that this bird is workin' a publicity stunt like "Are you Maloney?" only he's got his own line, and soon he'll have half the town talking, and one day it'll turn out to be a pickcher called, "What About a Trip?" or "Come For a Trip," or somethin'.

By...  
**A. E. MARTIN**  
author of  
"Common People"

Now I tells this to Chippy because I think it'll cheer him up, but all he says is, "This old boy, Mike. What was he like?"

"Oh," I tells him, "just a booze hound. Drinking himself to death, if you ask me."

He nods his head.

"I see," he says slowly, and picks up his library book and opens it where he's put this little bit of ribbon. Then he runs his fingers through the pages to the end of the book. There's about twenty of 'em, I reckon, and he shuts it up sudden, and starts walking up and down. Now, if there's one thing that gets my goat it's a bloke who can't keep still when he don't have to move, but I stands it for as long as I can, and at last I can't stand it no longer.

"For Pete's sake, Chippy," I says, "stay put, can't you? You're getting yourself all hit up again, and what for? You're not crook, and ain't I showed you all this hypnotist stuff is a lot of boloney? Take a pull on yourself," I tells him. "Put on your coat, and get the cab out, and forget all about it."

He stops walking and puts his hand on my shoulder.

"Sorry, Horatio," he says, and then he tells me there's more things in heaven or earth than was ever dreamed of by Phil Someone. Well, I takes this Horatio stuff because he's always calling me names he gets outa books, "I gets you," I says. "Like a man fallin' out of a plane without a parachute, and only getting his knuckles cut, or Windy running last on Wednesday, and comin' first on Saturday."

"Somethin' like that, Mike," he says, "but I ain't goin' to drive the cab no more."

"You're what?" I says, because this is going too far. You don't buy a number plate for nothin', and I knows Chippy's up to his neck in it, though he's makin' good money. But he's got to eat, ain't he?

"You're crazy," I tells him. "What you going to do for a living?"

"Living?" he says, sarcastic like. "Living?" He throws his library book down on the floor. "I wish I knew the end," he says.

I picks up the book and finds the spot where the ribbon is.

"Now, look here, Chippy," I says, "I'm your clobber, ain't I? Now you sit down quiet and finish your story, and I'll make you some tea." He sits down then, and I puts the book in his hand. "You'll rip through those last pages before I'm ready with the eats," I says, but he shakes his head.

"No, Mike," he says. "I don't want to finish it."

"Ain't it any good?" I asks.

Yes, he tells me, it's a good book. "To tell the truth, Mike," he says, "I'm frightened to read any more."

Well, I tell you I'm getting a bit fed up but I hold me horses and I don't say no more because I'm thinkin' that if a clever chap like Chippy is scared to read a story things is getting serious, because this is only a printed story, mind you, and not worked up like on the wireless. I thinks I better do somethin' because I never yet see a book that could keep me awake even if it was "Dracula."

So after tea, I tries him again about taking his taxi out but he shakes his head and I toddles off and I goes and sees a chap I knows. Now this chap's just had his appendix out, see, and has got a lotta experience with doctors, and I chats him just enough about Chippy, but not enough to make him too curious, and he tells me it's his appendix as plain as daylight because you might have it for years and never know, but it gives you gypso in all sorts of ways and mucks your system so's you think one day it's rheumatics and the next it's something you've ate, and then you just don't care and it's not knowing what's wrong that affects the nerves, and this, he figures, is what's wrong with Chippy.

Please turn to page 10



# Like the Hall Mark on Silver

On all good silver you will find the Hall Mark . . . your assurance that it is genuine silver. Without that guarantee you probably would not buy it. From Silver to Chenille is a wide step, but the principle of good buying remains the same. Look for the Pacific Super-Tex label on Chenille Bedspreads and Dressing Gowns, the Hall Mark of genuine Super-Tex Chenille.

To-day, of course, the range of colours and designs in Pacific Super-Tex Chenille is necessarily restricted, and production is limited because war-work must take precedence. But a to-morrow will dawn when colour and loveliness can be given free rein and smart new designs in a wide range of colour harmonies can express the exhilaration of peace-time days.

In the meantime, buy wisely . . . get the best value for your money and your coupons . . . look for the label which identifies the genuine Pacific Super-Tex Chenille, sold by all good department stores.



LISTEN-IN TO "PACIFIC PARADE." 2UW SYDNEY, 9.30 P.M. EVERY SATURDAY: 3UZ MELBOURNE, 6.44 P.M., EVERY MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY



# GIVE BACK MY HEART

Another absorbing instalment of our fascinating serial

**K**AY changed her costume jacket for a soft green cardigan. As she went down the wide, shallow oak stairs she heard Andy playing, and stood listening to the clear, lovely notes. It was a nocturne of Chopin's, nostalgic, sentimental, yet exquisite and romantic as a serenade.

She went down and across to the long drawing-room, and stood at the door looking at him as he bent over the keys.

The music was reflected in his dark face, smiling a little as the melody rippled from the store-house of his memory and into his skilful fingers.

He looked up and saw her, and stopped abruptly. "I'm abominably rusty. My fingers have sticks in them instead of muscles."

"It was beautiful, Andy."

"Kay," he came across to her, and his voice seemed to catch in his throat. "Kay—if you knew what it meant to be here again, to look up and see you standing there—to have—"

He stopped, it was so difficult to tell her what it meant for him to have her in this home of his.

Just then, his sister Gerda called, "Dinner's ready, you two—Rose will grizzle if we don't eat it while it's hot. You know what these artists are if they don't get proper appreciation." Rose was the old cook-housekeeper who had been with them for years. As they went into the dining-room the telephone bell rang and Andy turned aside to answer it. They were already seated when he joined them, and he said quickly:

"I have to go up to town to-morrow."

Gerda put down her serving spoon and said disappointedly: "Andy! All the way back so soon? You've only just arrived!"

"I know. If I get the very early train, I could be back by midnight to-morrow . . . or even earlier, if I don't stop for anything. It was Haley and Johns, they want to see me about a song."

"Couldn't they fix it over the telephone?"

"Apparently not—they want to see me."

Gerda looked across at Kay resignedly. "Kay, this is going to be beastly for you. I'm so tied up all day. Will you be able to amuse yourself?"

Kay looked across at Andy. "Of course, There's such a lot to see. I'll take the children off your hands for the day. I might even take a course of farming under your son's tuition—he seems very knowledgeable."

Gerda laughed. "He likes to be taken seriously. I'll make you up some sandwiches, Andy, then you can get off very early. Do you want the trap?"

"No. I'll cycle to the station, then it will be there when I come back."

## Skin Sores? Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause skin sores, pimples, boils, red blotches, eczema, ringworm, and eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

**NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

Throughout the meal Kay managed not to think about it at all. She knew quite well why Andy was going back to London. He thought as she did, that this thing was getting out of hand, and that any information they had, however trivial, should be put in the hands of the proper authorities. But for some inexplicable reason she was scared.

It was foolish of her, she knew. She thought about the glimpse she had had of the man who might have been Curtis, and wondered whether she should tell Andy before he went, and decided against it. She was not sure, and she neither wanted to prevent him going to London, nor worry him unnecessarily.

He might not like to leave them, two women, alone in this isolated old house, if there was the slightest danger of Curtis being near. Anyway, any threat that might exist was against her. It would not touch Gerda nor the children, and she understood very well why Andy did not want them to be implicated in any way.

After they had coffee, Gerda settled herself down to her sewing, her feet comfortably up on a stool, and the radio at her elbow switched on.

"I'm on my feet all day," she said, "and this little bit of peace is very important. Go off if you want to, and don't mind me. I've got mending, and letters to write, anyway."

They went out through the french window into the little rose garden, and through a gate in the wall into the fields.

"Let's go up to the top of the cliffs," he said. "I want to show you the beech woods—we can go that way. I want you to see all the places where Gerda and I used to play when we were kids."

"Andy—who did you get to telephone you? It wasn't your publisher, was it?"

Andy glanced at her and said lightly: "I didn't think you were taken in. I got one of the men to telephone from the village—I didn't want Gerda to know. This show is quite involved enough without bringing her into it, and she has enough worries as it is. It's all ours, Kay. I think I ought to go up to-morrow and tell Scotland Yard exactly as much as we know. It isn't much, I know."

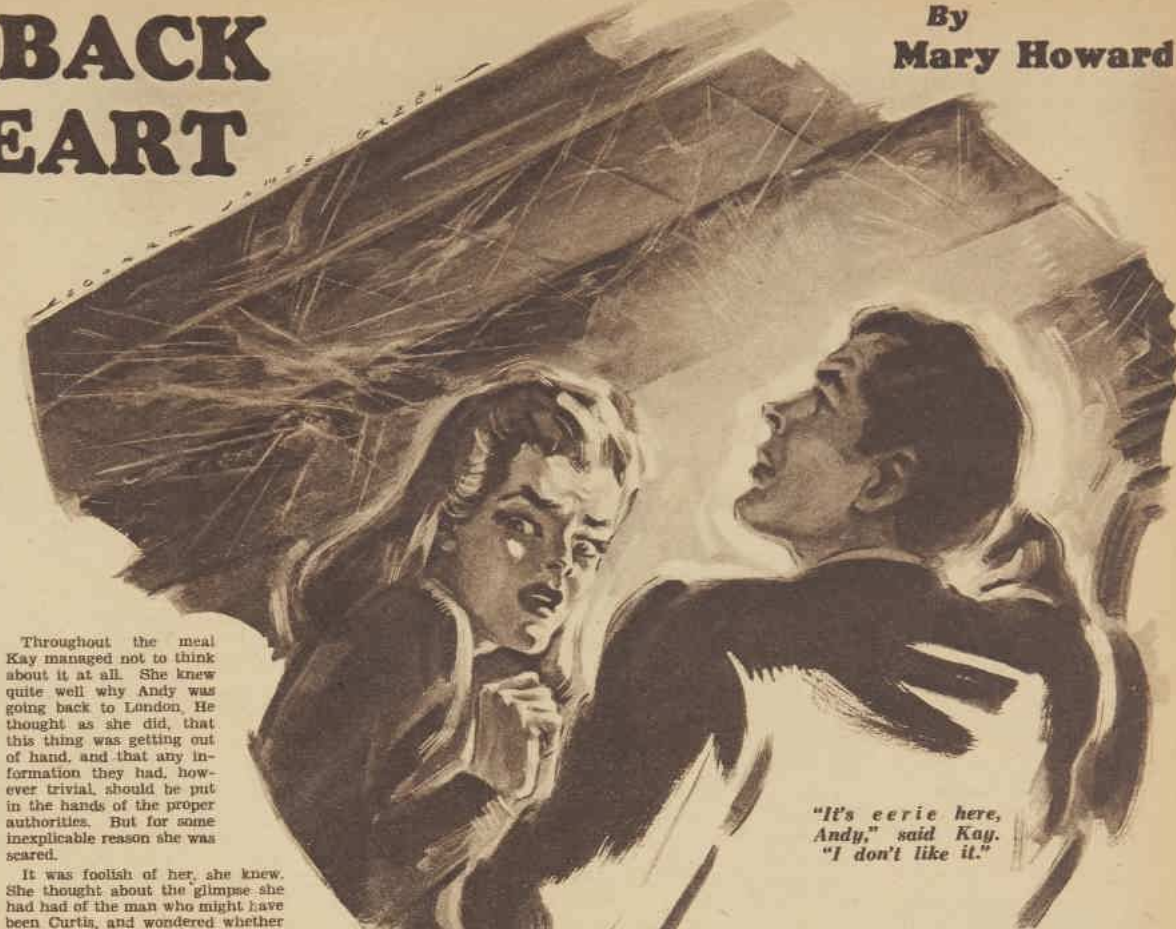
She put her arm through his as they walked into the green gloom of the beech woods, their feet rustling through the thick, fallen leaves. "Andy—where does Martin come into all this? Do you think he knows?"

He forced his voice to lightness. "Probably not, I shall not mention him, or as little as possible. There is no need for him to be involved."

"But, Andy, if he does know something, and he's concealing it, he's as guilty as the rest."

"What would that mean to you?"

She made a little protesting gesture. "It would mean a lot," she said slowly, "it would hurt me. I know how—how weak he is, under all his charm and the blather of success. I should be bitterly sorry to see him ruined."



By  
**Mary Howard**

"It's eerie here, Andy," said Kay. "I don't like it."

threshold. It was dark inside, and there was a little stealthy rustle overhead. She thought of bats, and clutched nervously at his arm.

"He won't be if I can possibly help it."

Something in his voice made her stop, her hands on his arms, twisting him to face her, her face upturned to his own. About them was the musky, mossy scent of the woods, the massed spears of foxgloves pink with bud, the little rustling secret sounds.

"Andy," she said softly, "what is it that is between us? I don't love Martin any more. It isn't that, is it? There are ties that bind me to him, always will, I suppose. I know him so terribly well. But that's all Andy—where is the magic that we found yesterday? It can't have gone so soon. Andy, please kiss me—and let me know it is still there."

**H**IS arms were suddenly closely about her, his lips on hers. He said: "Kay, nothing is changed; it's just that it means so much, and I want you to be so sure. I could not bear it if—"

"If what, Andy?"

"Never mind . . ."

He put his face down against hers, and was irresistibly reminded of Martin the night before, Martin, in his need and exhaustion, going to Kay as though she were the last real and reliable thing left in his world. He raised his head sharply, and let her go.

"Come along—I'll show you where Gerda and I used to play. There's an old cottage up on the cliff—I think it used to belong to a windmill that once stood there, but it's been empty for about fifty years. No one ever goes there—you could live in it for months, and no one would know. If you were supplied with food, we've spent days up there, and even slept there when we were kids."

The cottage was hidden in the furze and trees, invisible until you were on top of it. A small place of grey stone, one room up, and one down, windowless, ivy growing into the stones, but the roof was still good. A battered oaken door hung off the hinges. Nettles crowded up to the doorstep.

Kay stood back; there was something so eerie about the little forgotten dwelling.

"Here we are—come in," he took her hand and drew her over the

"Now there should be an old tin in here, and in the tin there should be some candle ends. Here we are."

Something in his voice caught her attention, but the face in the yellow candle glow was Andy's usual "caged" face—secret, thinking his own thoughts, a long way away. He lifted the candle, showing her his and Gerda's initials carved into the great beam over his head.

She said suddenly, "It's eerie here, Andy. I don't like it. Let's go home."

He put out the candle, and guided her back through the broken doorway into the cool evening outside. The sun had gone, leaving the sky barred with purple clouds. Inland the beech woods sloped down to the farm, a long, curved lane stretching through their green aisles.

Andy caught her hand. "Come along," he called, "let's run . . ." and like two children they were pelting down the steep slope homewards.

Andy left very early the following morning. Kay woke up, and leaned out of the window, watching him cycle off down the road, an unfamiliar and attractive figure in his corduroys and old sports jacket.

He blew a kiss and disappeared into the dawn dusk, which hung blue and misty over the fields and trees. Cows, apparently legless in the low ground haze, moved in ghostly procession across the fields.

He turned to the stone cupboard.

Please turn to page 36

## It's really and truly adorable

John kissed her. "A sweet fragrance," he murmured. "Oh, that's a different face powder I'm using . . . Powder Charmosan." "Beautiful." "Yes, and your skin, too. You look younger. And . . . may I say it's prettier." "The NICEST husband," she whispered. When husbands take notice, when they see charm and enchantment; when they sense you look prettier, well, then, THAT is the face powder to stick to. A touch of Powder Charmosan on your skin and there, lo and behold, is youth. It imparts a glamorous "something" to your skin that THRILLS. It stays on for hours after hour with sweet witchery. SUCH a blessing.

## Charmosan face powder

In Rachel, Naturelle, Peche, Sun Tan. Big box 2/6. Small 1/3. FREE SAMPLE. Write to Clement Black & Co., 12 Little Regent Street, Sydney, for a sample of the new Peche shade.



**This unforgettable and moving story was written by a U.S. soldier while on active service in Sicily.**

**V**EERING off the wadi into the field, Johnny mounted a slight slope and scanned the area, looking for the spot he would have mined if he were the enemy. It was good to keep in practice. It was his job.

He found a passable gully, deeply rutted, enclosed by thick cacti, and made his way carefully, his mind wandering to chow for dinner. After comparison and consideration, he admitted to himself that C-rations weren't half-bad.

From where he stood, he could see his outfit's hasty bivouac less than five hundred yards away. He was taking a break in his own fashion.

Johnny was no ordinary line infantryman. He was a specialist. He studied the hills that loomed up in front of him, steep and stubborn hills, and knew that on the other side were Jerry and the Wop behind mortars, big guns, machine-guns and rifles.

He heard a familiar sound, whirled, perceived a group of sheep all stuck in the cacti below, and unable to get out. Using his trench knife, he slashed through to the captured, bleating sheep, pulled them one by one out of their prickly prison.

As he drew abreast of them in the clearing, he noticed that this time he had inherited an expectant ewe.

"Holy smoke!" he groaned. "Well, blow it out my stacking swivel. Why does everything have to happen to me."

The sheep brushed up against him gratefully. Johnny lit a cigarette and spat. "Dash those African smokes!" He walked slowly back toward his outfit, the flock behind him, thinking of those French cigars he bought in North Africa, and reprimanded himself once again for tossing so many American smokes to Arab beggars and French-Arab soldiers.

"Well," he said, aloud from habit, "rations ought to be in to-day or to-morrow. Smokes are getting as scarce as water."

He sighed, still unable to believe he was in Sicily. It seemed only yesterday he was wandering through the out-of-bounds Casbah.

He smiled, recollecting the park facing the Mediterranean, the way he had enjoyed winding one end of a rope for skipping children. . . . That old French bon vivant he met in a restaurant, and the way their fingers allowed ice to clink into their wine-glasses. . . . And always there was the habitual cry of the natives in his ears. "Smoky-smoky? Bonbon? Smoky-smoky?"

His eyes were blind with thunderous thought. The invasion was still a nightmare. Two forty-five in the morning, and he had plunged into Mussolini's Lake from a jam-packed LCI, waves breaking chest-deep, rifle held aloft, and his sole concern the American cigarettes in his back pocket. He had to throw them away.

Water chuckled suddenly out of the gully. He waited while the sheep had their fill. He scanned the sky. Clouds looked like bursts from ack-ack. Memory drifted in his mind once again, piled up in the corner.

Their objective had been the south-eastern littoral of Sicily. They had run into stiff resistance near Gela, engaged in heavy fire fights, and were now pushing north. He faced the north stilled by hills, and he snorted.

There had been hills in North Africa. That tough one at El Guetiar, at Mateur; Hills 509 and 523. But these hills of Sicily, they were mountains! Raindrops of one constant expression now formed a flood in his ears. "One more hill—one more hill—one more hill."

The sheep began wandering in different directions. With the doubtful aid of an incompetent Wop mutt he'd picked up, he herded them together, proceeded to board his bivouac.

In the distance he saw three horsemen in blue and grey. They were the Yanks' most dangerous allies in the African theatre. He watched the pommers, the black knife-people who terrified Jerry, and were now being shipped from Tunis to Gela to terrify the enemy in Sicily. Expert



## JOHNNY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

scouts, these barefooted Berbers and Senegalese believed that "knives don't make noise—gun big noise."

Johnny realised there would be a push soon. His was a point company. His Old Man loved action. According to the co-ordinates he had seen an hour ago while unsuccessfully trying to cadge an American cigarette from the operations sergeant, he knew they were now somewhere in the vicinity between Niscemi and Mazzarino. He wondered how Jerry would fight to defend Mazzarino. He didn't give the Eyties a passing thought, for they rushed at you with a white flag in one fist, and a bottle of vino in the other. The big objective was Enna. You could command ground, once you had Enna.

Then his mind wandered to his rank. He was a private. He envied the non-coms. dreamed of the day he'd been in the zebra class with the three stripes and three rockers emblazoned on his sleeves. He was a specialist, wasn't he? He deserved recognition. There was no T.O. for him, he knew; but after all, he was no ordinary private.

"They ought to make me PFC at least. Let 'em get somebody else to do my job!"

But he knew he would fight to defend that job. True, he had the only assignment of its kind in the Army, but if the Table of Organization did not stipulate a rank for his job he just had to whistle his way through the campaign as a private.

Johnny was a shepherd—shepherd, he would have called himself. He was a good shepherd. He had worked on a sheep ranch in the States, knew all about herding and dipping, and shearing, was tender with lambs, tolerant with sheep, and patiently agile at chasing stragglers—tossing a ration-can filled with pebbles at their heels as he'd done back home in New Mexico.

He never thought, though, that he would be a sheep-herder in the Army. His chest swelled, and he felt isolated, aloof, proud—for he did have an unusual job.

Johnny was a shepherd, and his job was to lead sheep across anti-personnel minefields in vicinities evacuated by the enemy. This was to save human lives, material, and time.

The Demolition Squad, Johnny knew, was a crack outfit when it came to mines and booby traps; but he and his sheep covered more ground in less time—and in combat, time is always of the essence.

However, he didn't relish the job. He didn't like the sight of his sheep blown up. Yet he wouldn't permit anyone to replace him, for he felt his expert guidance avoided many casualties.

Bronzed like a Sicilian, Johnny led his sheep past camouflaged trucks, jeeps and half-tracks into the bivouac area. A private cleaning his rifle shouted: "Rations are in." Johnny rushed the sheep into an improvised corral where others grazed, and galloped to his platoon sergeant. He howled with delight when he was given five packages of American cigarettes.

"Good chow," said the platoon sergeant. "U-rations."

"Spaghetti?" asked Johnny.

**T**HE platoon-sergeant nodded, then glanced at the sheep. "Where'd you pick up that new gang, Johnny?"

"They were stuck in the cactus," said Johnny.

"Well," said the platoon sergeant, "we can use all we can get." He looked at the ewe, winked at Johnny.

Chow call radiated the area. Johnny, first in line, was still panting when he returned for seconds. Someone blew a whistle, and Johnny dove under a nearby three-quarter ton, and finished his spaghetti to the tune of ack-ack and strafing, as enemy aircraft owned the skies for a few minutes. The whistle was blown again. All clear. Johnny tried to get thirds, but the K.P. held up a scraped pan.

Johnny dropped to the ground,

stretched out lazily, lit an American cigarette and re-read an old letter from Mom. The ranch was doing all right. . . . Pop was kind of sick. . . . Little Peggy was going to a party Saturday night at Al Lemon's place. . . . And Petey was pining for him. . . . Johnny looked up from the letter, stared at the clouds and sighed. Petey, his Irish terrier. He could picture Petey's tail rusty from not wagging. He wished Petey were here to help him guide his flock instead of this Eytie mutt he'd picked up.

He shifted to avoid squashing his cigarettes. He was rich. Five packs! He lighted another cigarette luxuriantly and day-dreamed through the smoke rings. "Hey, Johnny," someone called, "that sheep's about to have pups or something."

Johnny reached the corral in time to take over as midwife. He shouted at the gang of doughboys that ringed the ewe: "Give her air! Step back, give her a break." He watched and sweated, and then he grinned. It was a small, skinny lamb. The ewe licked it, but the skinny little creature looked as if it would never live.

"Goah," exclaimed a doughboy, "but he's a homely cuss!"

"He's beautiful," said Johnny.

"He's one of the prettiest lambs I ever seen."

"He looks strictly G.I. to me."

Johnny smiled. "Yeah, he's G.I. all right. Guess I'll christen him."

He baptised the lamb and tapped it gently on the head with the blade of his captured Wop dagger.

"How come you don't give all of 'em a name?" he was asked.

"Oh, I do a few. There's Brown Eyes over there. She's an old-timer. And Gunga Din has missed plenty of mines." He hesitated. "I don't get to know them long enough. But this one—this one looks different."

"The sun's getting you, Johnny," the platoon sergeant said. "The Old Man'll need you in a couple minutes."

Johnny looked startled. "I can't push off now."

"You can't what?"

"I can't travel with the lamb. He was just born. He can't see; he—"

"Let's go," snapped the platoon sergeant.

Johnny's eyes held a plea. In his arms was the bundle known as G.I.

Johnny was pleading with the driver of a duck. The driver shook his head, thumped his amphibian jeep with a fist.

"No soap, Johnny," said the driver. "It's strictly N.G. I drive the Old Man."

Johnny held the lamb up higher, making sure he didn't hurt it. "But you don't want to see a newborn lamb deserted," he begged. "You don't want to see him starve to death."

"Sure I do."

"Aw, come on!"

"What's it worth?" asked the driver.

"I'll give you my Wop dagger."

"Got one at Gela."

"How about my Jerry flashlight?"

"N.G. No batteries for it."

"How about—Johnny swallowed hard—"how about my cigarettes?"

The driver stared at him incredulously. "You'd give me your smokes to haul that skinny sheep?"

Johnny's heart sank. "Yeah."

"American cigarettes?"

"Yeah. I'll give you five packs, minus a couple of smokes."

The driver flushed. "Make it four, Johnny."

Johnny gave him four packs, hesitated, then took a chance. "Can you take his mother, too?" he asked.

"Use your noodle, Johnny," the driver said, and pointed at the PFC stripe on his sleeve. "Want 'em to break me? It'll be tough enough hiding that little one from the Old Man."

"O.K." said Johnny. "But take care of him. Watch the bumps."

"Sure." The driver said sarcastically. "I'll even buddy-up with him if it rains, and I'll pet him and feed him. Watch the bumps. What a laugh!"

"I'll give you my blanket to cover him," said Johnny.

Johnny was listening to the Old Man. "You are to proceed at once with your sheep along road One-ninety-two. There it is." The Old Man pointed it out on the map. "After five kilometres, you will be at this point, co-ordinates 550-361. Go right. We've been informed that area is very likely mined." He



## By CORPORAL SAMUEL FULLER

up, not you. Keep well in the rear, but keep track of the passed area."

He slowed down, and, allowing the sheep to pass him, brought up the rear, with the Wop mutt helping to haze the flanks. There they were in front of him, always advancing. He knew this was a grim war and the enemy had to be driven and slaughtered. He knew we had to divide or compress the defenders.

There was no time for silly sentiment.

Yet the flock now entering the mine-field was a simple story he found difficult to tell anyone. It was just the story of sheep who had gone to war and lived for ordinary days, weeks, or years, until they stepped on death.

They were stark and alone in their death. They were anecdoteless. Nobody got to know any of them but Johnny, and he never permitted himself to become too devoted to any one of them. He knew he could never lead a pet into sudden death. Whenever he accomplished his mission, he returned to report that the field was clear to cross. The report was that simple. He had nothing to add, except that the sheep had no time to do anything memorable but die.

They had traversed one-third of the terrain without mishap. He proceeded more cautiously, shouted at them to slow down. It was a dirty job, but it was a job that had to be done. Nobody wanted it. He took it. G.I.'s mother looked back at him, and he stared into her eyes and wondered when the ledger of her years would close in a splash of red. He glanced at the sky, and the clouds seemed sickly. He grew tense, and envied the sheep who advanced with nonchalance. He waved a cigarette skyward and waved his staff to keep them lined up. It was important to see that the main body covered a definite width. He scribbled notes of exact reference points on his overlay. This path would soon be used by the Yanks.

It came suddenly, as it always did. The lead sheep on the left front shot up in a blasting geyser of blood, flesh, and wool. Shrapnel whistled. Johnny had no time to fall on his face and take cover. He had to control his sheep, now stampeding frantically in all directions. He yelled through the confusion, darted back and forth to bring order. Once he lost control, the mission was a failure. He rounded up flurrying sheep. On his right flank there was an explosion. Three sheep were blown apart.

**JOHNNY** panted as he kept them bunched . . . and drove them forward. It was always forward. He felt like shouting that he wanted them to stop, but he pressed them on. He labored under the hot sun, and policed them into line, though the Wop mutt beat it, howling.

The shepherd and his flock reached the main road. He could see the bridge that Jerry had blown up in his withdrawal. The mine-field was now safe to be used as a by-pass. The mission was over. He led the flock back to bivouac, and he had to pass through the blasted sheep. He never looked at them, never tried to recognize a head. He reported to the Old Man, and then went to his foxhole, sat down, and lighted an African cigarette. He could hear the Old Man issue orders. They were going to cross that flat bare terrain where the sheep lay in fragments, and continue chasing the enemy. He closed his mind to the dead sheep, the anecdoteless ones.

The big job was at Mazzarino. Because of the by-pass, the troops could proceed on the main road and continue driving the defenders north.

The driver of the duck stopped the machine a few feet from Johnny. "Hey, Johnny," said the driver, "we're pullin' out now. Got that lamb hidden in the back."

Johnny stood up, made sure G.I. was protected from the dust with his blanket.

"Who's gonna feed him?" asked the driver. "What about his mother?"

"She stepped on a Bouncing Baby," Johnny said, without looking up.

"Hey, what's the sense cartin' the

sheep round in my duck if he ain't got nobody to feed him? I ain't gonna feed him."

Johnny tenderly picked up the forlorn lamb, carried him back to the remnants of the flock, and brought him up to a ewe that had lost her lamb. G.I. looked so helpless, and Johnny tried to forget the scene of sheep bleating their way across No Man's Land, bleating their way after him.

"Leavin' now," the driver of the duck shouted.

Johnny carefully placed G.I. in the back of the duck, covered him, and watched the duck pull up in front of the Old Man. The Old Man jumped in. The duck joined the convoy . . .

The Yanks pushed on to Mazzarino. A great tank battle stole the show. Columns of bristling monsters moved like sluggish warships amid explosions of sound and flame.

A couple of miles behind the front lines Johnny was giving G.I. a helmet bath. He used his own towel to dry it. G.I.'s eyes were opened now. For days Johnny took care of his lamb. At Barrafranca Johnny watched the lamb stand on wobbly legs, and laughed when it licked his hand. At Pietraperzia the lamb gained a little more confidence, strength, and balance, and began to gambol the way all lambs do. At Callanissetta the lamb loved to crawl all over Johnny and sniff the shepherd curiously. Johnny fed him milk and vegetables. They became almost inseparable.

But always Johnny sweated out those assignments. He sweated

out ways and means to make sure G.I. was taken care of, was transported, while he and his flock sought mines.

It was during these trying times that Johnny became a beggar. He used up his rations of American cigarettes bribing drivers to cart G.I. When rations ran out, he gave away his treasured souvenirs. He knew he would never allow G.I. to take part in a job. Most of the doughboys figured Johnny had lost his mind adopting a lamb as a pet, exhibiting such devotion, attachment, care. But Johnny had it all figured out in his own way. He had led G.I.'s mother to her destruction. Now G.I. was his responsibility. He would keep this lamb alive at all cost, to balance the deaths of the others.

They were preparing to leave Callanissetta when the lamb disappeared. Johnny searched frantically, scoured hills, investigated the purlieus of the area, invaded cave shelters of natives on high bluffs and refused vino and spaghetti. He only wanted to find his lamb. There was a long, pulse-pounding steep climb up a hill. Johnny made it—and found the lamb, bleating frightfully. He picked up the lamb and carried it down the hill. G.I. licked his hand.

"What's next?" Johnny asked the platoon sergeant.

"Enna."

"I thought," Johnny said, "that the Canadians were taking that."

"It's Enna," the platoon sergeant said. "The Old Man wants to see you."

Because V-mail blanks were scarce Johnny had little trouble bribing a truck-driver to haul G.I.

"I'll see you," Johnny said, "after I get through with my job."

"Does this sheep have manners?" asked the worried truck-driver.

Johnny grinned. "He's truck-broken, all right," he said. "And he's a lamb."

Johnny the sheep-herder led his flock toward fresh danger. Enna, perched precariously on the summit of the highest mountain in the vicinity, had to be taken by the Yanks. He knew only too well that the enemy had chosen his positions well, that enemy artillery, mortars, and machine-guns dominated all the natural approaches to the hills, that they were emplaced in gullies where our guns couldn't locate them.

A shell screamed overhead. Five hundred yards away there was a burst of black smoke. The detonation followed a second later. The sheep jumped. Johnny quieted them.

"Our own artillery," he said comfortingly. "Just outgoing mail. It's time to worry when there's incoming mail."

Johnny reflected on the general situation. He was twenty, and he had a girl, and he had seen action in North Africa and now Sicily, and he wondered what the future held for him.

He knew that he was playing a role in the biggest show of the war to date. Hitting Sicily was something the world had been waiting for since December 8, 1941, when Germany and Italy declared war. He was proud to be a small voice in the vanguard of those to storm other Hitler fortresses. He realized he was in the midst of a gigantic make-or-break gamble. He and his sheep were helping to challenge the Nazi rule.

Please turn to page 10

"Take it easy, Brown Eyes! Who's setting this cadence? You or me?" Johnny yelled at the lead sheep.

handed Johnny a map. "Be careful."

"Yes, sir," Johnny said, saluting. "We'll be careful."

Down 192 went the shepherd and his flock. Johnny looked like a native with the Sicilian coat over his fatigues. It was patchy and dirty. G.I.'s mother was having difficulty keeping up with the rest of the sheep. Johnny waved his staff, yelled at the lead sheep: "Take it easy, Brown Eyes! Who's setting this cadence? You or me?" Johnny slowed up until the centre of the group came abreast of him. "Bring up the slack, you rookies. Want your pals in the rear to double-time all the way?"

Ready for any sniper behind a rock, he proceeded. "He referred to his map and halted. He was at coordinates 550-561. He right-flanked his flock and looked at the flat, rocky terrain he was to cross. It was peaceful here, and quiet. Grasshoppers jumped in front of him. He slowly observed the terrain, and he wondered what kind of death lay buried before him. Teller mines? Butterfly mines? Bouncing Babies? Those new wooden and bakelite mines? On a high bluff he spotted a campo santo. It was a weird cemetery, its vaults chiselled into rock.

"Let's go," he said quietly, and they followed him. He felt like Dan'l Boone, pioneer scout, out to find the best trail for his men, to assure them of safe passage. He wondered, as he always did when looking for mines, if he was doing right by these animals that trusted him and followed him anywhere.

A sheep's life was risky, round these parts. A Jerry shell, a sniper's bullet, or a Messerschmitt's bomb may end its life quickly. But this was direct suicide, marching into a mine-field to clear it of death so that Yanks could roar over it unharmed in pursuit of the retreating Jerry. He lighted an African cigarette, got rid of smoke through dry lips. He felt he was leading the sheep to slaughter. Then he straightened with conviction that he was doing the right thing. Relief and righteousness swept over him. It was better for the sheep to be blown up than the doughboy.

He recalled the Old Man's repeated instructions: "Don't lead your flock. They're supposed to blow



The lamb stood gazing down at Johnny, bleating dismally.



## Continuing . . . Johnny Had a Little Lamb

from page 9

ALL the same, Johnny knew his girl could never understand a shepherd going to war, with sheep for his troops. Down through history sheep were never fighters. But his sheep were. They were braver than the lion. They had inherited the brunt of battle, the most dangerous game in conflict.

He studied his map. He had reached the co-ordinates. Once that field stretched before him was cleared of mines, Yanks would be enabled to storm Enna. Long Toms could rock the earth; tanks could crush; planes could bomb; but it took the infantry actually to take possession of an objective. And now the infantry was waiting for the shepherd and his flock to give them the all-clear signal.

Johnny was surprised. He suddenly found himself indifferent to rank. He didn't mind being a private. He was an important soldier. A regiment waited for him to accomplish a dangerous mission. Why, even the highest ranking non-com. with all his stripes didn't rate that kind of importance.

Then he thought of his little lamb and smiled warmly, recalling the way G.I. landed on his rump this morning when they were playing. It was a simple game. Johnny taught G.I. how to play hide-and-seek. Somehow, G.I. always managed to sniff him out. Johnny got to thinking about Ellis Island and tried to remember the regulations permitting foreign animals to be brought into the States. He once read an article on how hair was examined so minutely.

He'd have G.I. scrubbed and combed, and would present him to his girl as a mascot from Sicily. They would laugh at him in his county. Imagine, Johnny bringing a lamb back from the war. Of all things, a lamb! But he would be able to point to G.I. and tell all of them back home that there was no D.S.C. or Silver Star or Purple Heart for the woolly warriors that died unmourned, unmarked, forgotten.

The sheep halted. Johnny glanced

ahead. Was it instinct? Their eyes riveted on him. He wondered if they were thinking that the whole world had suddenly gone mad. He flourished his staff, but they held their ground. He pushed through them to the front ranks and saw what stopped them. A jeep had hit a mine. It was a twisted mass of olive drab and blood. Part of the driver's body was exposed. Johnny turned away from the flesh blackened by the sun. He shouted:

"Let's go!" He knew directly ahead were mines. It was his job and their job to locate and destroy them by self-destruction. The sheep huddled together, making it difficult for him to pass through them to the rear. He grew tense. That familiar taste of death parched his throat. The shepherd and his frightened flock advanced cautiously, slowly. He kept track of the width, of the necessary markings.

A few stragglers were too far out on the right flank. He pushed them back into line. He was kept busy keeping the column intact, and his pebbles-in-a-tin-can technique didn't work very well. Once again a few rebels broke loose. Johnny ran after them and reprimanded them. He had to stop for breath. They were getting unmanageable.

A sharp blast sounded on his right. Brown Eyes, the grizzled veteran campaigner, was thrown twenty feet into the air and came down in sections. The blood pounded in Johnny's ears. He darted to his right flank to prevent runaways from getting too far. Carefully, swiftly, he moulded them into a column. The strong smell of burning meat followed him. If only the wind would shift, he thought. He knew how scorched meat affected his flock.

His body moved on as if it were drawn by a magnet, in the right direction. And attracted to this hypnotic spell were the sheep, for they too, moved on, bleating noisily, almost hysterically, drawn by the

same magnet. The wind played with the charred meat smell, and it made Johnny sick, and he thought he was going to retch. He fought against it. He couldn't mess up, now. His sheep were dying proudly.

Behind his teeth his tongue lay like a pound of lead. His eyes darted from left flank to right flank, to left ear, to right ear, and to rear. He stared. He was surrounded by sheep that dutifully decided to stick together. There were no stragglers, nobody to bring up the rear, no rebels leaping out of formation. They moved as one with Johnny in the centre. He slowed down, and they passed him. He was behind his flock now as he should be.

It was torture watching a sheep go up in a blast, watching the flock advance without wavering. It was perfect teamwork. Never before had they behaved in such manner. His whole body shook with the tears he couldn't shed. He wanted to be lifted by a hurricane, and transplanted with his flock on his ranch. He wanted to watch them from his bedroom window and boast about them to his neighbors.

He ached with a sense of longing to play his accordion in the peaceful pasture and watch his sheep graze. He loved the roads, wide, big ones, and the little paths among the fields, and he knew they would love them, too . . .

A cloud of black smoke married to a blast rocked the earth. Wool floated down lazily. Heads and shrapnel whizzed down. But the sheep only bleated and continued without a flurry. In his ears was the sound of bleating sheep and bursting mines. He bit his tongue, and his body was stiff, and inside his head was that awful noise. Tension twisted him inside.

Suddenly a sheep broke away from the front ranks. Johnny, on the rear flank, shouted. But explosions muffled his voice. Vast clouds of dust kicked up by his flock made him lose sight of his runaway sheep. Then he chanced to see it. He caught himself shouting loudly, but nothing came out of his mouth, no sound, nothing.

So, was his little lamb, playfully gambolling in a minefield.

"G.I.!" screamed Johnny, and he knew he screamed because he had found his voice. He tried to rush through the sheep, but they made a strong wall. He waved his staff threateningly. Another mine went off. Four animals splattered in the dust. He was imprisoned by his own flock.

It was as if they refused to let him through to reach G.I. Johnny jumped over them, jammed his way through roughly, shoved and elbowed and used his feet and staff to make a hole through them.

G.I. had changed his course, was now prancing playfully directly in front of the flock, leaping ahead into covered dynamite. G.I. was happy. He had found his shepherd and now he wanted to play.

Johnny yelled, and choked with dust. He dived through and over the sheep, fell flat on the ground. He picked himself up, and leaped forward again in a frenzy of anxiety.

He finally broke through and out of his living prison, streaked at an angle to cut off G.I. The lamb, catching sight of Johnny, bleated joyously, skipped ahead. Johnny cowboied through rocks to gain headway. Now he could cross and stop the lamb. It wasn't too late. He would punch that truck-driver in the nose for letting G.I. get away. Johnny felt good. He knew his lamb would be safe. He just had to keep that lamb alive.

The earth trembled, and stones and staff broke into pieces.

When the advance scout on recon. found the wide area littered with pieces of meat and bundles of wool filled with burrs, coarse and short, and there were bunches of good wool, and there was shrapnel, he had little trouble finding the shepherd; and he reported back to the Old Man that Johnny the sheep-herder had done a good job.

The area was ready for the infantry to push on to Enna. Then the scout told the Old Man that Johnny was now a shepherd over the Big Hill, that the flock was blown to bits and only G.I. remained.

"G.I.?" asked the Old Man. "Yes, sir; he was Johnny's mascot. I found him standing up on a rock, gazing down at what was left of poor Johnny. He was bleating like a puppy that's lost its mother."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the Old Man. "Johnny had a little lamb."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## You Can't Escape

Continued from page 5

BUT this chap's wife's there, and she's a clever piece, and she says from what I've told 'em she reckons it's more a case for a physical analyst, and she tells me that this is a kind of quack that deals with a bloke's headpiece, and not so much with his innards, and they ask you questions and you tell 'em the answers and then they know just what's eating you.

I says I think she's dead right, too, because Chippy's strong as a bullock, only it's his headpiece is crunk. So we gets the telephone book and we look through the pink pages, but there's no analysts; but this dame's a go-getter and she rings up a friend and this friend tells her the address of one who cured a friend of a friend of hers who used to get a lotta headaches, and every night she'd dream she was going to do in her mother-in-law, who she was very fond of.

I'm glad to know this because I'm rooming with Chippy, see, and how do I know he won't get some silly idea in his nut, too?

Next day Chippy is still looking very fishy about the gills, and won't do his hair or nothin', and I jolly him along, but he says no, he's not going to drive his cab, and his mind's made up, and he's not going to finish his book, and, as far as I can see, he's going to spend the rest of his life sitting in a chair and staring at nothing.

As soon as I gets a chance I buzzes round to this physical analyst's office, and I waits and waits in a room because a sheila tells me I haven't got an appointment, see; but at last, when I've looked through all the sporting news in a lotta old magazines, and read about all the horses I've already done me dough on, I gets in to see this bird, and he seems to me a bit up-stage.

I chats him about Chippy. "But, really," he says, "I can't advise you about a third person—that's Chippy. I must see him personal."

I reckon he thinks I'm like the chap in the story who heard the quack charged a quid for the first visit, and ten bob for the second, so when he meets this quack he says, 'Hallo, doc, I'm here again', when he wasn't, see, because it was the first time he'd been, and the quack who's alive to him says, 'Oh, he says, 'keep on with the same medicine,' when you see he'd never seen him before either, so had never ordered him no medicine.

"I get you," I says to the analyst. "You think I'm on the cage, and I haven't got any friend, eh?"

"My good man," he says. "I don't think anything of the sort, but from what you've told me, I think your friend's in a bad way, and I'd

advise you to have some treatment pronto. Some little thing that's quite normal," he says, "has thrown him off his rocker and give him a complex. We've got to get at the root of the trouble," he tells me. "There's something he should know, and when he finds out what it is, and how foolish it is to be scared of it, see, then he'll get wise to himself and he'll laugh himself sick, and be all right."

Please turn to page 28

## ON YOUR FEET DAY-LONG ? Then Help Them With Zam-Buk

SHOPPING, cooking, cleaning—all in a day's work—but oh, how trying for tired, aching feet. Housewives and all workers who have more than their share of walking and standing to do will find freedom from foot troubles in this easy Zam-Buk treatment.

First, bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly. Then massage Zam-Buk Ointment for a few minutes into the ankles, insteps, soles and in between the toes. Zam-Buk soon rids the feet of tenderness, soreness, swelling and inflammation. It softens and removes corns and callouses.

So remember Zam-Buk tonight for comfortable feet to-morrow.

1/4 a jar, at all Chemists and Stores

For Skin and Foot Troubles

**BISTO** makes all meat dishes more tasty

BISTO GRAVY WILL BE SERVED AGAIN WHEN PEACE COMES.



"I do a lot of standing and walking at work but every night, before retiring, I wash my feet and rub Zam-Buk well into the ankles and soles. This keeps the feet in grand condition."—Miss E. French.

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . Buy 5/- National Savings Stamps.

MY LIFE AS A W.A.A.A.F.

FREE!

By ACW. MADGE ELIOTT—as told to AURA JACKSON

A 48-PAGE TRUE STORY

that will enthral you

**"MY LIFE AS A W.A.A.A.F."**

Every girl should write for it.  
Every mother should read it . . .

Write for it to the Air Force Recruiting Centre, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth or Hobart . . . "My Life as a W.A.A.A.F.", post free.





• Jean Rogers matches her tailored suit with a dashing blue felt hat, speared with a huge red feather.



• Lynn Bari is a graceful figure at formal dinners in a draped gown of petunia-pink crepe with a clump of matching flowers.



• Susan Hayward entertains in an old-world house coat of rust velvet and cream lace. Could be made from an old evening frock.



• Louise Allbritton dramatizes her blonde beauty with a violet wool suit, and a filmy matching scarf over her hair.

## Style leaders of the screen

FILMS have long been an important factor in developing outstanding new fashions.

In Hollywood, glamorous styles are created for the stars to wear on the screen, and these styles are frequently adopted by fashion-conscious women all over the world.

On this page we present some notable fashion leaders of the films in their favorite styles.

\*\*\*\*\*



• Jane Frazee has a jaunty scarlet cap made in the same material as her beautifully tailored topcoat.



• Olivia de Havilland tops a slender black silk crepe dinner skirt with a simple bodice of gleaming gold.



• Lucille Ball goes dancing in a stunningly simple evening frock of chalky white jersey, featuring a draped skirt and a low V neckline lavishly garnished with tomato-red embroidery.



• Ann Sheridan wins approval in this sophisticated black hat with veiling swathed under the chin.

• Rosalind Russell highlights a sleek black frock with cyclamen gloves and flat beret of gleaming satin. Her hat is garnished with black ostrich tips.

Q

• Barbara Stanwyck accents a heavy knoppe linen bolero suit of deep cream with appliqued scrolls of rusty-red to match the leather belt. Perfect for sporty occasions.



• Eleanor Parker goes to lunch in a trim navy frock and flattering powder-blue hat with matching anood.





# Lakeside camp for Army convalescents

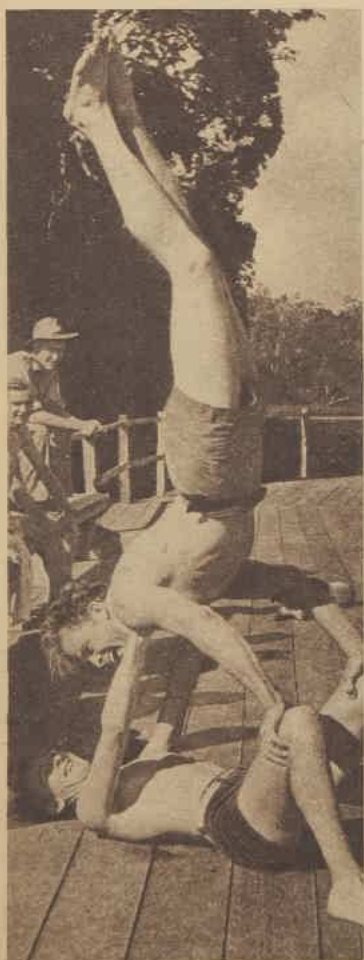


**MORNING SWIM** for convalescents. Camp accommodates 80 officers, 200 other ranks. Aquatic carnival held weekly.



**TROOPS SUNBAKING** at former lakeside tourist resort, now convalescent camp for officers and men.

**ARMY ILLUSTRATOR** Sgt. C. Bush paints a picture of the camp while some of the boys watch him at work.



**WALLY SIMMONS, J. Marks** (balancing), members of concert party.



**OFFICERS RELAXING** in the sun. About 5500 troops and 300 officers have holidayed back to health here in a year. Troops go on route marches, are considered ready to rejoin unit when they can march seventeen miles.





HUNDREDS OF TROOPS sit on a mountain-side to watch an attack exercise. They are addressed through loud-speakers while the mock battle goes on. Pictures on this and opposite page by JACK HICKSON.

## Battle exercise began at dawn

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"Be at the railway crossing before first light."

This was our invitation to a big combined exercise in an area where troops are training.

"First light" is a romantic phrase to read, but in hard reality it is that cold, grim hour before dawn when most people are warmly, sound asleep.

THE officers and men in the jeeps that assembled at the railway crossing wore jungle battle dress — green cotton trousers, and shirts with the sleeves rolled up. A few wore pullovers.

"Quite chilly this morning," said a tall, red-headed colonel briskly, while our teeth chattered.

For nearly forty miles we bumped and bounced in jeeps over an earth track through the bush and through half-deserted old mining towns.

The dawn sky was pastel-blue and pink by the time we reached the foot of a tall, sharp mountain.

At the top of the mountain was a huge natural dress-circle where hundreds of troops and officers from other units were assembled to "see the show."

From our dress-circle we looked out on a magnificent panorama of wooded hills and valleys with a jagged mountain range and the clear sky for a backdrop.

Infantry, artillery, machine-gunners, engineers, and the Air Force were taking part in the exercise, and live ammunition was to be used. The exercise was on a scale that in actual warfare would make the headlines as a considerable battle, one of the Army "entrepreneurs" told me.

A young lieutenant explained the strategy of the battle to me with the aid of a large roneoed document which looked like a scenario.

The day before troops had driven "the Japs" out of the small town behind the mountain.

This morning before "first light" they had divided into two columns — one resting below us in the bush at our left, the other passing round our mountain at the right to pursue the enemy.

The artillery were to lay down a barrage, firing from five miles behind us to clear the way for them.

When the barrage opened up the twenty-five pounder shells whistled over our heads with an evil metallic whip.

Then the mortars and machine-guns added their ear-splitting symphony.

In brief intervals of quiet a bland English voice explained over the microphone what was going on.

A commentary on the whole battle was given by a major, a Londoner who came to Australia some years ago.

Through field-glasses we could see the infantry, dwarfed by distance, scrambling up the hill, moving and crouching, moving and crouching, toward the next "feature" in the centre of the stage.

A safety-fence, a thin white line through the field-glasses, gave them warning where to stop before the barrage moved on, and the next stage of their advance began.

There was a loud cheer from the gallery when bombers came over and dived to drop their loads spectacularly in the centre stage.

By now there was a smoke screen being fired by the mortars to shield the infantry in their next advance.

There was another growing roar in the sky as another group of planes came in to strafe the next "feature."

The mortars fired parachute flares to give them their direction. The bright flares looked like stars off a Christmas-tree against the dark mountains.

After two hours the firing ceased, but the infantry were still plodding on in the distant hills.

As we scrambled back down the hill for morning tea with the artillery, there was a lot of banter exchanged among the experts on the way their various units had acquitted themselves.

The exercise represented hundreds of hours of intensive training, and thousands of pounds in expenditure — an expenditure that is an insurance for reduced casualties and time saved in future actual battles.



MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA of mock battle. Live shells are whistling overhead as these troops watch comrades advancing in the valley under the artillery barrage. Exploding 25-pounder shells and bombs from aircraft raise dust and smoke clouds on the hill that is the objective.



*Working at  
her wartime job*

*or going places with HIM*

**She's Lovely**

**with POND'S "Lips" and POND'S Powder**

She's doing a man-sized job for Victory and the days when they will always be together again. Meantime, when he comes home on leave, she's radiant and lovely as his fondest dreams of her... with POND'S Powder and POND'S "Lips," the simple, so effective way to safeguard her beauty.

Flower fragrant and misty soft in texture, POND'S Powder clings with a flattering smoothness for hours. Partner it with the lasting satiny finish and the lovely glowing colour of POND'S "Lips".

**P.S.** You should be able to buy POND'S "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. POND'S are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.

*POND'S "Lips" and POND'S Powder*





FIGHTING men of New Zealand's famous Maori Battalion in the North African desert.



MAORIS ENTERING TRIPOLI. They were among the first men of the Eighth Army to enter Tripoli after fighting their way from El Alamein. The Maoris began to train before the outbreak of war.



OFF TO ITALY. Men of the Maori Battalion waiting at Alexandria to board a transport.

## Famous "Warriors of War God Tu" are now in action on Italian front

By JOSEPHINE O'NEILL  
who recently returned from New Zealand

To-day men of the New Zealand division are fighting as hardily and as magnificently in Italy as they fought in Greece and Crete and the Middle East.

And with the New Zealanders, from that pass at Mount Olympus to Rome and beyond, has gone one particular battalion, with the strongest name in history—the battalion known to its own people as "The Fighting Warriors of the War God Tu."

IN the Army records the Maori battalion is the 28th Infantry Battalion, skilled in modern warfare, with its own machine-guns, its specialist company, its signallers.

But to the tribes of New Zealand it is still "Te Hoko Whitu a Tu," a name taken from the days of the old war parties, when 140 warriors were deemed enough to wipe out any enemy.

The battalion, which has given this war a V.C. and numbers of other decorated men, sprang out of an Anzac Day reunion of men of the last war, held at Rotorua in 1939.

Maoris fought at Gallipoli. But their perfect disregard for Turkish fire led to such casualties that they spent the rest of the time as a non-combatant construction battalion.

On Anzac Day, 1939, 100 men turned up at Rotorua, and out of that reunion, and the thunderous foreboding of the European news, came the decision first to train men as a potential defence force and then, on the outbreak of war, to offer their services as a combatant force.

In November, 1939, 150 Maoris began training as officers and N.C.O.s.

At the end of January, their graduation accomplished, the bar against the waiting flood of volunteers was let down.



SECOND-LIEUT. NGARIMU, V.C.

"We had to hold back sufficient men for a second reinforcement battalion," one officer told me.

To-day, of the original 800, only 18 to 24 men are fighting in Italy. The rest are dead, or invalided home.

The volunteers came from all over New Zealand, the South Island as well as the North. They came from farms and universities, freezing works and lawyers' offices, the football fields of school, sheep stations, and the teaching-desks of colleges.

They were formed into companies to learn modern warfare. These

companies, however, represented the tribes as well. This made for a competitive spirit, their officers told me.

"The training in camp together broke down, however, a great many of the ancient barriers existing between them. When we sailed for England in 1940 we had become one grand unit."

The men had to leave behind their mascot, the Great Dane dog, Tiger. They took with them, however, on their voyage their personal charms—every man wears a good luck charm, a tiki on cord around neck or in finger-ring, and their own personal song, "The Maori Battalion."

"The Maori Battalion" is sung to-day by N.Z. Air Force men going into action, and by New Zealand youngsters dancing in Service clubs. The Americans in the South Pacific have taken it up, too. It is sung almost wherever fighting men are.

And it was written for a marching song in the original camp by one of the battalion's C Company, a lad named Corporal Anania Amohau, from Palmerston North.

### Ancient weapon

HE is a great exponent of the haka and the talaha," Major Rangi Royal, who told me this story, added.

The haka is the war dance known to all—and used by to-day's fighting men as well. The talaha is the ancient Maori weapon—which was wielded as the modern Maori wields his bayonet.

And there you have the secret of the Maori's success with the bayonet—it is in his blood.

"You know they talk of a cowboy's licky trigger-finger?" a young Maori lieutenant said to me. "Well, the Maori feels that, too, in the whole of his right arm!"

The talaha is a thrust-and-parry weapon, used with a fighting science as formal as the fencer's—with some 42 specified positions.

The Maori and the bayonet have become almost a legend of World War II.

A famous bayonet charge by New Zealanders and Maoris together was a night attack south of Mersa Matruh in the desert in June, 1942, when they broke through the surrounding German forces with cold steel.

It was a couple of months after this that Rommel made his classic complaint to a Press conference in Berlin:

"The British use foreign troops, like the Maori scalp-hunters. This results in unfair methods of fighting. The Maoris penetrate a position and simply kill everybody."

Rommel was remembering as well the most classic bayonet charge of all—on Crete, when the Australians joined in.

Hard-pressed by the Germans, the withdrawing New Zealanders had no time to dig in.

"We took up a line in a sunken road," Major Royal tells the story. "The Australians had seen us forming up and sent a message across: 'If you are going in, we will go in with you!'"

"So they lined up with us and other units of the N.Z. Company till we had a line nearly a mile long."

"One of our lads, who had no rifle, leapt up on to the side of the road, and waving his hat led the haka. 'Ka mate ka mate' . . .



CAPTAIN AWATERE, M.C.

We shouted the haka—and we all went in."

That first charge carried them over fleeing Germans on top of entrenched troops, whom they slaughtered with bayonet and tommy-gun.

The Maori, by the way, calls the German a Hun—when he does not call him a rolling, five-syllabled word meaning, literally, "low-down mongrel."

The Maori's opinion of the Australian is glowing—he warmly appreciates a fighting-man, who, like himself, is a gambler with a grin.



SGT. H. MANAAHI, D.C.M.

For the grim-visaged savage of Rommel's description is a myth. The most noticeable feature about the Maori is his high good humor.

"They are always smiling and joking. The problem of their officers is to stop them skylarking to settle down to rest before action."

Continued on page 22

## THE STAGE WAS SET FOR LOVE



but "B.O." cut him out!

Flowers, a first-rate show, dress circle seats, everything to make a good impression—and then he made a bad one. Hopes and chances ruined by something he'd never given a thought—"B.O." It's easy to offend unknowingly, so don't take risks. Bathe with Lifebuoy regularly. Lifebuoy with its special health element guards personal freshness, it has a real protective lather—and it's gentle enough for a baby's skin.

FROM HEAD TO TOE,

LIFEBUOY STOPS "B.O."



A LEVER PRODUCT

W. 97.12

## Thousands Regain Strong Eyesight in 1-3 Months WITHOUT GLASSES



NEW NATURAL TREATMENT FOR SHORT SIGHT • LONG SIGHT • STRAINED SIGHT • ASTIGMATISM • CHILDREN'S EYE TROUBLES • OLD SIGHT • SQUINT • INFLAMED OR RUNNING EYES • TIRED EYES • WEAK EYES, ETC.

Do you suffer from any of the above? Then waste no time in writing for details of the Campbell System of eye training which has brought perfect eyesight without glasses to thousands in England, America, and Australia. People who have worn spectacles since childhood write enthusiastically that they now enjoy perfect sight without them. Endorsed by prominent medical men, this system is based on years of research initiated by the famous American eye specialist, Dr. W. H. Bates, who discovered that the cause of almost all eye troubles could be removed by correct natural treatment of the optic region. Under our supervision you carry out this treatment in your own home. Each case is carefully studied, and you receive guidance to suit your requirements.

What Has Been Done For Others Can Be Done For You.

Below are two examples of reports received from people all over Australia. GLASSES DISCARDED AT 60: "My eyes are definitely better. The information has gone, and I never wear my glasses except for reading. I can even knit without them."—Mrs. R.L., Adelaide.

A TYPICAL SHORT SIGHT CASE: "I have attended the pictures quite a few times, and can see the screen clearly, and read the print without feeling any strain. I think you know I never use my glasses now."—Miss J.M., Lismore. If you wish to be free from the need to wear glasses, and be free from the nervous disorders which accompany defective eyesight, send 3/6d. stamp to cover return postage for full information, or phone BW1462 for free consultation.

THE CAMPBELL EYE TREATMENT

Dept. 6V, Chalfin House, 10 Martin Place, Sydney, opp. G.P.O.



A TRIBUTE FROM BERLEI

# Hats off to the Housewives!



*She stands patiently in a butcher's crowded shop, waiting her turn to buy meat for her family's meals. From there she goes to the grocer's, the fruiterer's, the delicatessen, till the weary round of shopping is done.*

*At last, with bulging suitcase, or string bag stretched to capacity, she boards a tram for home. Or walks because it's quicker.*

*Providing for a family isn't any longer a matter of merely telephoning an order for delivery. It's a hard, tiring, fetch-and-carry job, repeated day after day.*

*Yet this is only part of the burden the housewife carries. She still has children to be cared for, the house to keep clean, problems of food rationing to solve, meals to be prepared and dishes to be washed. Much-mended clothes must be mended again—often when she feels too tired to lift a finger.*

*She does it all—somehow—because she is one of a great army of women whose magnificent spirit is holding Australia's home front together.*

*Don't think that the Government, or Berlei, is indifferent to your need of foundation garments. The importance of foundations to health and morale is clearly recognised. But other urgent war needs have had to come first, and production of corsets and brassieres has been restricted.*

*You can rest assured that Berlei production is carefully planned to cater for all types of figures, and will be increased in number as rapidly as possible.*

# Berlei

*When you buy a Berlei be sure it is the right type for you; be sure it fits you, allowing freedom for movement; then wear it, wash it, mend it—correctly.*

**TRUE-TO-TYPE  
FOUNDATIONS**





# Marjorie Lawrence home with devoted husband

Says she's happier than ever before . . . thanks to him and Sister Kenny

Dr. Thomas King, husband of famous Australian soprano Marjorie Lawrence, has given up his practice to devote all his time to one patient—his wife.

"This is my practice now," he said when he lifted Miss Lawrence to her feet from a sofa, and on to a wheel chair, for a photograph when she arrived in Sydney.

Miss Lawrence thinks that her Australian bush upbringing gave her the stamina to help her fight her way back to health after she was stricken with infantile paralysis in 1941.

**L**OVE of the Australian bush has been a great link between Marjorie Lawrence and Sister Kenny, who treated her in the early stages of her illness.

"We've had many an argument about where the trees grow tallest, Queensland, her home State, or Victoria, which is mine," said Miss Lawrence.

"And whenever we happen to be in the same city we ring each other up. She always wants to see us, and always says on the phone, 'Just wait till I get me boots on,' an old bush expression.

"Sister Kenny is an absolutely marvellous person. My only regret is that I did not consult her in the very earliest stages, instead of about two months after I was stricken."

Although Miss Lawrence is still unable to walk without assistance, when she is seated in an ordinary chair it is impossible to detect any sign of her disability.

"And the critics say I am singing better than ever," she said.

"So it's no wonder I do believe that there is a law of compensation."

Her years in America have given her a slight American intonation in her speaking voice. Her husband, who comes from Florida, has the typical drawl of the Southerners. Full of gaiety and cheerfulness, Miss Lawrence has a sincere religious belief.

"How could I help it," she said. "I have had such proof of how faith in God can help one."

"I am happier nowadays than I have ever been."

"My wonderful husband has been marvellous all through. I could not have made a come-back to my career if he had not been at my side ready to encourage me the moment I showed any sign of faltering."

Dr. King and Miss Lawrence were on their honeymoon when she contracted infantile paralysis.

When she was in hospital in Minneapolis under Sister Kenny's treatment, Dr. King, who is an osteopath, studied the method.

Ever since he has supervised the exercises, which she keeps up daily whether they are travelling or in a city.

He always oversees the arrangements for her seating on the concert platform.

"At first I could not imagine that I would ever sing well sitting down," said Miss Lawrence. "You can imagine that it requires a great study of posture and breathing."

## Congregation clapped

"THE Wagnerian roles in opera are difficult and exhausting enough when one is in perfect health."

"What really spurred me on so greatly was when I sang in my husband's church in Florida, six months after I became ill."

"During my illness I had asked for a piano, and practised sitting tied to a chair—for at that time I could not even maintain a sitting posture."

"At Christmas I was carried into the church, and sang 'The Lord's Prayer' and 'Ave Maria.' Spontaneously the congregation of a thousand rose and applauded. It was a wonderful experience."

"When I was first ill we had to stop seeing some of our friends, for we found their commiseration was bad for me."

"Their attitude, which they meant so well, was 'Poor Marjorie—and at the height of your career, too . . .'"

"The implication was that I was



SGT. JACK O'NEILL presenting Marjorie Lawrence with flowers from General Sir Thomas Blamey.

finished. Of course I was afraid of that, too. But we couldn't afford to think that way if I were to get sufficiently better to enjoy the rest of my life.

"Instead, I've had more success than ever before, and only missed one season."

"And this season," Dr. King put in, "she gave 65 concerts, which is a heavy season for anyone."

Miss Lawrence says she has to thank Sir Thomas Beecham for her great success this year in Isolde, at the Metropolitan.

"I had sung the role of Venus in

the Wagnerian opera Tannhauser," she said. "That did not seem so impossible, because, in any case, Venus is seated for part of the time. Afterwards the critics said that Venus was more effectively seated throughout."

"Isolde seemed another matter, but Sir Thomas was determined I could do it, and it seemed, from the reception, that I did."

Miss Lawrence is eagerly looking forward to meeting Australian servicemen on her tour of the camps in northern areas.

When Sgt. Jack O'Neill arrived at the hotel bringing a huge bouquet of flowers from the Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Forces,



HOME AGAIN. Australian soprano Marjorie Lawrence, with her American husband, Dr. Thomas King.

General Sir Thomas Blamey, she asked questions about the A.I.F. uniform.

"I see plenty of our airmen in America," she said, "but no soldiers."

Some of her friends thought that the travelling entailed for her troop concerts would be a greater strain than she could bear.

"But already I've travelled thousands of miles in America," she said.

"Besides, during my illness I wasn't able to do much for the war effort. And I really feel that particularly at military hospitals I can do something."

"I've found that boys in hospital gain some extra cheer from knowing I've overcome an affliction. Anyway, the hospital people in America told

me it brought the boys comfort, and maybe I can do that here."

Last time she was in Australia, in 1939, Miss Lawrence made a triumphant return to her home town, Winchelsea, Victoria, and she hopes to sing there again.

"That's something I don't want to miss," she said.

"I have a sister, Mrs. Nelson Batson, at Geelong, and brothers in Victoria."

"And I think I have about a hundred cousins! Anyway, I want to see them all."

Miss Lawrence will begin public recitals at the Melbourne Town Hall on August 8, and will be in Sydney in the first week in September.

## Many French women are heroines of the patriot movement

Francoise Descartes, member of a strong Underground organisation in France, escaped arrest by the Gestapo and arrived safely in London a few months ago.

There she told a dramatic story of French resistance, particularly of the courageous part played by French women patriots.

**V**ISITORS to the Spirit of France Exhibition, to be held in Sydney in September, will find much of Miss Descartes' story illustrated in the many authentic Underground newspapers, documents, and photographs which will be shown.

Francoise Descartes, who had worked for the Underground since June, 1940, fled France following a dawn raid by the Gestapo when, by some miracle, she was not at home.

In helping to form the French Underground army the women of France have worked side by side with their menfolk.

"Like brothers and husbands, many have lived, and are still living, long days in prison cells or concentration camps. Many have been taken as hostages and shot, but

others continue to work together and resist just as fiercely as ever," Miss Descartes said.

As a result of their work, French women have long become accustomed to leading the life of fugitives.

Once they enter into secret activities, they must run the gauntlet of a strict Gestapo watch at railway ticket barriers; identity cards are continually inspected, houses and whole districts are surrounded; traps are set, and they are shadowed.

Much of their work entails the distribution of documents, typing reports for Underground newspapers, reproducing plans and maps and ciphering.

This work is complicated by innumerable difficulties—finding paper, typewriters, and premises.

Often premises found in underground cellars are so cold that the typing of even the smallest report becomes a martyrdom.

Many of these women must remain nameless, but Miss Descartes cites the case of Madame Albrecht, who was posthumously awarded the "Croix de la Liberation" by General de Gaulle.

"Interned in May, 1942, she, by 13 days of hunger strike, forced the Vichy Government to capitulate. Imprisoned, she feigned madness."

"She succeeded in escaping, to resume immediately her combatant activity. Arrested once more by the Gestapo in May, 1943, she died for France, shot by Germans on June 6, 1943."

In spite of arrests and reprisals there will always be women in France ready to continue the struggle and take the place of imprisoned Patriots and young deported Frenchmen.

A girl of 19, Mile. Olivier, was killed by a German patrol in the night of June 13, 1943, because they found her distributing tracts in Thell.

The whole populace attended her funeral.

Near Lyons, women lay on the railway lines to prevent the departure of workmen for Germany.

Schoolmistresses and women professors are teaching young pupils in whispers a love of the motherland and a hatred of Germans.

Employees in town halls assist in

## Spirit of France Exhibition

**T**HE story of French resistance will be told through photographs and documents at the Spirit of France Exhibition to be held in Sydney from September 25 to October 9 at the Blaxland Galleries.

During the exhibition a fortnight of French musical and dance recitals at the Conservatorium and a display of French Art at the National Art Gallery will take place.

creating a veritable industry of forgeries.

Not the least important task undertaken by French women is the sheltering of outlaws escaped from Germany, and Patriots making their way from place to place.

"The risks we take often lead to prison or death, not only for ourselves, but for all our families," said Miss Descartes.

"Then, too, there is the sacrifice and effort of feeding and clothing all these outlaws, in many cases starving and in rags, without creating suspicion by unusual actions and purchases."



# Editorial

JULY 22, 1944

## NEW ORDEAL IN ENGLAND

LIKE a cornered animal, Germany is striking blindly and wildly back at the hunters.

From various underground sites, her artillerymen have shot off thousands of robot bombs at the south of England.

There is something particularly sinister about the idea of a plane travelling from France to England and dumping its bombs without human guidance.

During the great blitz on England in 1940, hospitals and schools were destroyed, and the British people developed a righteous fury against such horrible massacre.

But the pilots in the enemy planes were at least releasing their bombs according to a definite plan.

They might aim at a railway station and hit a convent, or they might seek to terrorise and disorganise the main centres of civilian and administrative life.

But these robot bombs, launched in the general direction of London, come crashing down completely at random.

They strike suddenly like the lightning, at any hour of the day or night. Yet the British people are not dismayed by this new form of frightfulness.

They mourn their thousands of dead. They pity and tend their greater thousands of injured.

The final result is a fiercer and fiercer hatred of the distorted minds in Germany which thought up such inhuman methods of slaughtering women and children.

The toughness of Britain was clearly expressed by Mr. Churchill.

"The House would be affronted," he said, "if there were any suggestion made that it should change its venue."

"Here we began the war, and here we will see it ended."



SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA this group of soldiers belonging to an infantry training unit posed for their photo in front of their hut. Photo sent in by Mrs. A. J. Tsiros, 30 Florence Street, Port Pirie, S.A., whose son, Arthur, is in second row, fourth from left.

## Airmen describe their part in D-Day

Airgraph letters from four members of the R.A.A.F. serving in England tell the feelings of the writers on the night before the invasion began and on D-Day itself.

One of them, Sgt. Charles Lamond, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Lamond, 1 Westbourne Street, Drummoyne, N.S.W., was formerly with the A.I.F. and sailed with the first contingent in January, 1940.

Sgt. Lamond, who is a wireless air-gunner, wrote to his parents the morning after D-Day.

"WELL, thank heavens, I have not missed out on the opening of the Second Front. I would not have missed it for the world.

"We were in the Morse room with the earphones on when the word came through.

"There was great excitement everywhere. We knew then we would be in it. We had a kind of feeling we could not get there quick enough.

"However, in due time we went over, and, believe me, we did a great job, and all returned safely.

"I was too excited to rest. We all wanted to listen to the radio.

"My thoughts were all with the boys in the Army, wondering how they were faring. Here's wishing them the best.

"My mind went back to the early hours of the morning when we went into the battle for Bardia.

"My greatest ambition, when I was in Tobruk for seven months, when Jerry used to bomb us every day, was to be up in the air dropping bombs down on Jerry. Now I have reached my ambition, and I will give them something now, especially since they got my brother, Alex.

"Please do not worry about me, as if anything happens to me remember it is all over in a flash when you are on this job, but please remember the boys in the Army in your precious thoughts."

(Sgt. Lamond won the Military Medal at Bardia, fought in the Battle of Tobruk, and is one of the famous "Beds of Tobruk" who lived through the seven months' siege.)

After going to Syria and Ceylon, he



SGT. LANCE CAIN, younger son of Nurse A. Cain, Swansea, N.S.W., snipped just after qualifying for his wing in Canada. He is a wireless air-gunner.

returned to Australia with the Sixth Division, and joined the R.A.A.F. His brother, Sgt. Pilot Alex C. Lamond, was killed returning from bombing operations over Germany. He was captain of a Lancaster bomber when 19 years old.

W/O J. Rendall R.A.A.F., somewhere in England, to his mother, Mrs. E. Rendall, St. James Flats, Stanley St., Sydney:

"I AM out of the war for a few minutes, so will pen a short note to say all's well.

"As you realise, the Allied balloon went off with a loud bang in the early hours of Tuesday morning.

"The atmosphere in our briefing-room the evening before was a little different to that experienced in an ordinary show.

"One could easily tell that something was in the wind.

"The chaps were still as gay as

### LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your month in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



SGT. CHARLES LAMOND, formerly A.I.F., now with R.A.A.F., somewhere in England. He has the Military Medal, Africa Star, and five service chevrons.



IN THE JUNGLE in New Guinea, and looking happy about it. Back row (left to right): Sgt. Hall, N.S.W.; Cpl. Moor, Queensland; Sgt. Nash, Victoria; and Sapper Webber, N.S.W. Front row (left to right): Cpl. Redman, N.S.W.; Cpl. Clayton, N.S.W.; and Cpl. Richards, Queensland. Photo sent in by Mrs. W. Richards, Hurworth Street, Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

ever. Never a moment passed without some wisecrack being passed.

"At the same time one could notice a slight change in our usual manner. That difference continued throughout the briefing, but had completely disappeared an hour or so later.

"Although we were due to rise quite early the following morning, most of us sat round a small fire cooking individual eggs until twelve o'clock.

"It was quite dark when we were called on the historic day. We awoke to hear the sound of powerful engines roaring into life. They were being given their final test before the operation.

"The next scene was our final briefing. Then we were in flying kit waiting for the final word.

"At the given signal we walked out to the waiting planes.

"The ground boys were all keyed up. It was a big day for all of us. They are a grand bunch of fellows, forever laughing and happy.

"All of them had waited four years for this day. Give it to them good and proper were their exact words.

"Everything looked so different this morning. Even the cloud formation over the Channel.

"Just before reaching the French coast we entered a most amazing layer of cloud. Before that the sun had managed to peep through occasionally, but this particular strip appeared to form a complete roof over us—just as if the lights had been turned off."

Sgt. B. Leary, wireless air-gunner, R.A.A.F., somewhere in England, to his mother, Mrs. E. Burton, 9 Henna St., Moonce Ponds, Vic. Airgraph, dated June 6, 1944:

"I AM writing to you on this day because it is a most historic occasion. Take a good look at the date on this letter, for you will have occasion to remember it. THE DAY is here.

"This morning we heard the eight o'clock news. We heard first the preliminary reports. We heard the sober voice of a B.B.C. announcer calmly report world-shaking events. And what did this news do to us? It brought a feeling of incredulity.

"It has happened. The thing that has been growing on our nerves for months has burst.

"But, we thought, can it be possible? Surely it is a feat in the colossal war of nerves that has been carried out over recent weeks? Is it really it?

"And as we listened eagerly at the radio for further news our realisation grew and grew that it was really on.

"Our incredulity was followed by a terrific sense of relief. So terrific that everyone was in marvellous spirits."

F/Sgt. K. E. Stewart, R.A.A.F., somewhere in England, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Bass St., Kingsford, N.S.W.:

"I HAD a ringside view of the invasion this morning.

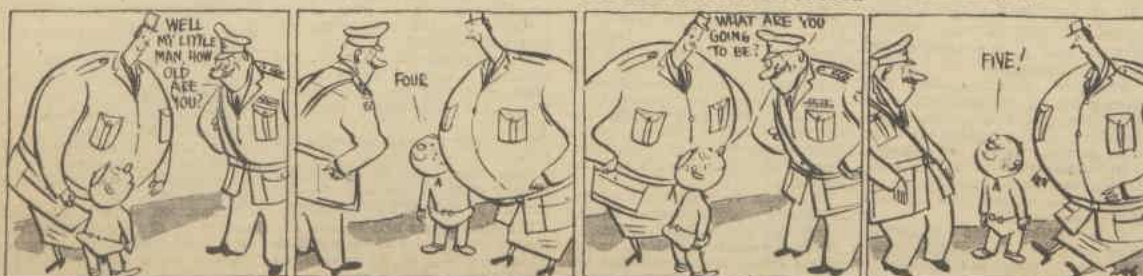
"We raided a heavy shore battery on the French coast, and returned across the Channel at dawn.

"There below us were thousands of boats—destroyers, transports, barges, battleships. The Channel was covered with them.

"What a marvellous sight. I only wish you could have seen it. We guessed that the big show had started, and to-night the news states it is going well.

"At last I'm sure the war's end is clearly visible.

"Well, folks, don't worry, all's well here, and I don't think it will be long before I am home again."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 1.30 to 3 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 19: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 20 (from 1.30 to 1.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, July 21: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Jams of Melody."

SATURDAY, July 22: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Competition."

SUNDAY, July 23 (1.15 to 2.45): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, July 24: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boss."

TUESDAY, July 25: "Musical Alpha."

## Famous novel on radio

Howard Spring's stirring novel "My Son, My Son!" will be next in the Library of the Air series of book dramatisations from 2GB.

THIS commences on Thursday, July 20, at 8 p.m.

Thousands who have read this international best seller will remember the characters of William Essex and Dermott O'Riordan, two Manchester boys who were determined to become rich, the first as a writer and dramatist, the second as the founder of a great London furnishing house.

Each wanted to see his son have the life he would have wished to live.

William Essex simply wanted to give his boy all that had been denied him in an impoverished, unhappy childhood, while Dermott O'Riordan, a fervent Irish patriot, wished his son to fulfil in Ireland all his own dreams of action.

"My Son, My Son!" shows them devoting themselves to this apparently unselfish purpose, which at heart was, of course, profoundly egoistic.

The two sons are Oliver Essex and Rory O'Riordan.

Oliver Essex enjoys the constant showering of love, affection, and worldly goods by a doting father, but grows to manhood a liar and a cheat, with an amazing ability to avoid the consequences of his actions.

Following the boys throughout the war years of 1914-18, the story shows how tragedy stalks them and engulfs them before one dies.

It tells of vital, glamorous, susceptible Livia Vaynol, destined to affect so greatly the lives of William Essex and his son, both of whom love her intensely. It tells of the childhood and the brilliant stage triumphs of lovely, talented Maeve O'Riordan.

As well as these two, there are some exceptionally interesting women in this story, who are brought to life in the radio version.

### Author and cast

AUTHOR Howard Spring knows at first hand the scenes he depicts.

There are always Irishmen in his books, perhaps because his father came from County Cork.

He has lived in Manchester, where the story opens, he is very familiar with London life, where so much of the story is centred, and he is well acquainted with Cornwall, to which his characters retire from time to time.

In the role of William Essex listeners will hear Richard Ashley, and as his wife Mollie, Madge Thomas.

Don McNiven will take the part of Dermott O'Riordan, fervent Irish patriot; his wife, Sheila, will be played by Georgie Sterling, and son Rory by Nigel Novell.

As Oliver Essex listeners will hear John O'Malley; as the disturbing element Livia Vaynol, Marie Rosenfeldt; with Joan Lord in the role of Maeve O'Riordan.

Others in the cast include Mayne Lynton, Ethel Lang, Yvonne Hayward, Ross Buchanan, Victor Knight, and Charles McCallum.





# Wife of penicillin expert shares in his work



CHARLES FLOREY, ten-year-old son of Sir Howard and Lady Florey, in his room at the home of Professor Fulton, in America.



PAQUITA, 15, and her brother, Charles, skydiving on the lawn of the American home to which they were evacuated in 1940.



SIR HOWARD FLOREY, joint discoverer with Dr. E. B. Chain of method and use of penicillin. He will visit Australia next month.

## Sir Howard Florey coming to Australia with latest data on wonder drug

Sir Howard Florey, penicillin expert soon to visit Australia, is a lucky man. He has a wife who shares with him not only the quiet joys of home and family, but also the scientific adventures of laboratory research.

In fact he waited for the results of some of his wife's cases before he wrote the article in "The Lancet" (B.M.A. journal) in which the first news of the clinical value of penicillin was made public to the world.

LADY FLOREY was before her marriage Dr. Ethel Hayter Reed, and, like Sir Howard, comes from Adelaide. Their romance began when they were fellow medical students at the Adelaide University.

After graduation in 1924, Dr. Ethel Reed was resident house surgeon at Adelaide Hospital for a year, and the following year became the first resident woman superintendent of the Children's Hospital, Adelaide.

In 1926 she went to England to be married to young Dr. Florey, who had gone to Oxford as a South Australian Rhodes Scholar.

The young couple made their home in Oxford.

Mrs. Florey did not practise medicine, but devoted herself to home duties until 1940, when her children, a girl, Paquita, now 15, and Charles, now 10, were evacuated to America.

Then she returned to her former profession.

Her work of the last few years has been a practical application of her husband's work in the laboratory, and it was at the Oxford Infirmary that she recommenced her career.

Living at home, she would attend special cases of much-injured servicemen. She then went to the American hospital, known as the Churchill Hospital, in Oxford, doing the same service.

Last year she went to the Birmingham Accident Hospital, testing penicillin on wounds. Previously she had worked on it for internal application.

There are a tremendous number of accidents in factories in Birmingham, and this gave Dr. Florey great scope. She made parallel investigation by treating similar wounds by orthodox methods and by penicillin.

The rapidity of recovery was compared.

At the moment she is working in the Middlesex County Hospital.

Some years ago Sir Howard Florey became very friendly with Dr. Fulton, an American Rhodes Scholar. He cabled the Floreys when the evacuation of English children was being arranged, and offered to care for their children. Dr. Fulton is now attached to Yale University, and their home is at New Haven.

The children write very happily of their life in America.

Before the war Sir Howard and Lady Florey made a regular practice of sending cinematograph films of the children taken in their home at Oxford to the respective families in Adelaide.

Since the war, however, the pictures have necessarily been confined to an odd snap.

Sir Howard has only seen his youngsters once since they left England, and that was when he visited the United States for penicillin research in 1941.

### Long, tedious job

DR. FLOREY, Professor of Pathology at Oxford, began his work on penicillin in 1939 when he headed a group of scientists who undertook further research on the mysterious substance which was accidentally discovered by Dr. Alexander Fleming in 1928.

It was a long, tedious, complex job. At times it must have seemed almost hopeless.

By 1941 the scientists had sufficient success to justify experiments on human cases. They chose people desperately ill, judged hopeless, and the results were amazing.

Here was reward for the long hours bent over slides and test-tubes in the Oxford laboratories; here was new hope for men grievously wounded on the world's battlefields.

But it is far from being the end



LADY FLOREY, formerly Dr. Ethel Hayter Reed, of Adelaide, who has worked with her husband on penicillin research.

of the work on penicillin. The potentialities of penicillin are even greater than its achievements.

At any rate, Sir Howard Florey is getting no rest.

Early this year he took a special penicillin mission to Russia at the request of the British Government. Before that, he went to the central Mediterranean area.

His Australian visit will be of three months' duration, and he will bring the latest information on results of experiments all over the world. He has not been out here since 1936.

Two of his sisters are in Melbourne. One is Dr. Hilda Gardner, who has been clinical pathologist at Melbourne Hospital for fifteen years. She and Miss Charlotte Florey live together in Hawthorn, as Dr. Gardner is a widow.

Another sister, Miss Valetta Florey, lives in Adelaide. And Miss Ann Florey, in England, is a nurse who gained the Royal Red Cross in the last war.

In Australia Sir Howard will see servicemen being treated every day with penicillin in our military hospitals. Urgent civilian cases are also being saved by its use.

The C.O. of a military hospital in Victoria said that one man was admitted to the hospital with a carbuncle five inches in diameter on his shoulder.

### Wonderful cures

HE had had it for two weeks, and had a high temperature, and was weak from continuous pain and loss of sleep.

After four injections of penicillin the pain subsided and he slept throughout the night.

The carbuncle completely disappeared in three weeks.

In another case a patient came in suffering from pneumonia and pleurisy. He was in so much pain that breathing was difficult.

After three injections of penicillin the pain was relieved and the patient was able to breathe normally.

After three days no sign of pneumonia could be found, and the soldier felt so well that it was hard to persuade him to remain in bed.

Recently romance came to a man in the penicillin ward of a hospital.

Corporal Ronald Sandman, severely wounded at Finschhafen last October, recovered enough to be wheeled in a chair to the hospital chapel to marry pretty, dark-haired Edna May Lucas.

Penicillin was the decisive factor in a 64-day battle by R.A.A.F. doctors to save the life of an airman who did not seem to have a 100 to 1 chance of survival.

It was the first time the drug had been used by the R.A.A.F. in a forward area in New Guinea.

The patient was an Air Force corporal from Sydney, who was admitted to the medical clearing station acutely ill with high fever.

On the twentieth day, despite a course of M and B (derivative of sulphanilamide), he developed hypostatic pneumonia.

He seemed doomed when on the thirty-third day an X-ray revealed multiple areas of lung gangrene. Abscesses broke out on his body, due to general infection of the bloodstream, on the forty-second day of his illness.

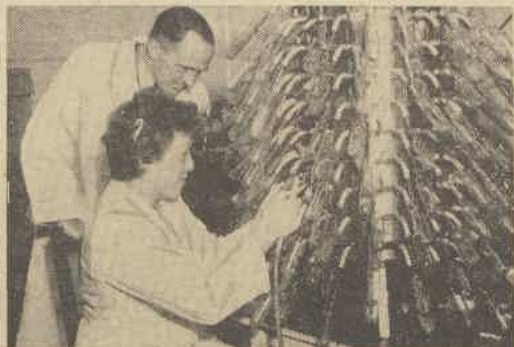
Without penicillin the airman would have died. He received intramuscular injections every two hours, day and night, from the fifty-second to the fifty-sixth day.

An improvement was observed immediately, and on the fifty-sixth day his temperature was normal for the first time, and the abscesses had disappeared.

On the sixty-fourth day he was out of danger and fit for evacuation by air to the mainland.



EXTRACTION ROOM at the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, where penicillin is being produced. Temperature is so cold that workers wear balaclavas and flying suits.



DRYING penicillin so that it may be transported to battlefronts. Mr. J. Graydon supervises sealing of ampoules (glass containers) on the drying machine by Margaret Barrett.



IN ASSAY ROOM at laboratories. Aamms standardizing penicillin to ensure that correct number of units goes in each container.



# Will they bring home post-war Ashes?



**BRADMAN JUN.** takes a stance that befits the son of father Don. John is five. His sister Shirley watches critically at their Adelaide home.



**BILL WOODFULL** (left) and Jack, schoolboy sons of the great batsman, William Woodfull, at batting practice in the pleasant bush garden of their country home at Belgrave, Victoria. Both boys are pupils at the Upwey High School, Victoria, of which their cricketer father is the headmaster.



**VICTOR TRUMPER III**, grandson of the batsman who was famed as the greatest stylist cricket has ever known. Victor III, nearly two, wears gloves belonging to his father, Victor Trumper, who is in the R.A.A.F., and is one of the leading fast bowlers of New South Wales.



**McCABE'S** crown of outstanding all-rounder may be passed on to his five-year-old heir, Geoffrey, shown here with three bats belonging to father, at their Mosman home.



**O'REILLY JUN.** Seven-year-old Peter shows promise of bowling with the tricky spin of his celebrated father, W. J. (Bill) O'Reilly.



**PONSFORDS**, Geoff (12) and Billy (15), adjust their pads for practice at their home at Caulfield, Vic. Both, like father, are batsmen. Billy is in the Wesley College eleven, and Geoff is in prep. school eleven.



# What's on your mind?

## Nursing

WHY all this opposition from N.S.W. nurses on the proposal to allow Aamws, after two years' training in military hospitals and one year in a civilian institution, to become qualified nurses?

I know a girl who has served two years in the A.A.M.W.S., and, in common with hundreds of other girls in the Service, she welcomed the proposal wholeheartedly.

She felt that in the vast job of rehabilitation she would not be a problem child. She would be already embarked on her training for a profession, and there's nothing in the world she'd rather be than a nurse.

Of all the arguments advanced by nurses, I have yet to hear one intelligent or sensible one.

Their main contention is that as N.S.W. nurses have to train for four years, the Aamws' three years' training would be insufficient and certain to lower the nursing profession.

Which is rather strange, if you recall that for years these very same nurses have been fighting to have their four years reduced to three, protesting that the first year of their training period is spent in drudgery.

Here is an ideal chance for them to insist on the three years, and what happens? They hold high the four-year banner, claiming it is essential for efficient nursing.

If nurses really had the well-being of their profession at heart, they would welcome this influx of keen, new recruits, and appreciate the big contribution it would make in relieving the nursing shortage.

—Mrs. V. Anderson.  
Coogee, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Paper sheets

I HOPE that after the war, when paper shortages are over, manufacturers will find it worth while making paper sheets and paper towels at moderate prices.

Only the busy housewife realises the tremendous saving in hard work it would mean if paper could be used for beds slept in by overnight or week-end guests.

Take the labor of washing one



sheet. It must be boiled, rinsed, blueed, wrung, dried, and finally mangled or ironed. All this for one night's use.

Sleeping berths in trains and one-night residences might easily apply the rule of paper sheets, towels, and pillowslips. A non-rustling type is advised, and even the Canberra M.P.s could sleep easy upon it.

—Marie M. Armstrong.  
Boomerang Library, Lawson, N.S.W.

## More tired

MR. LOVEL is behind the times when he condemns women for coming home with their shopping parcels on the business man's crowded tram (8/7/44).

He should realise that a large proportion of these women are, because of the war, workers like himself.

Unlike him, however, most of them will be cooking dinner for themselves, maybe a husband as well, and somehow during the week they will get round to doing their own housework.

Mr. Lovel might well get on his feet and give one of these tired businesswomen-housewives a seal.

—Mrs. A. Clifford.  
St. Kilda, Vic.

## Film travesty

WHAT a travesty on Australians is the film, "The Man From Down Under." It is hard to understand how two performers of such calibre as Charles Laughton and Binnie Barnes allowed themselves to be featured in such a production.

Unfortunately, these two stars are so highly regarded that lots of people abroad will accept their portrayal of Australians as the real thing.

It is high time we made more of our own films. We have lovely, natural settings, beautiful, talented girls, and fine-looking men. Surely we don't admit an inferiority in brains?

—Helen Harper.  
16 Eldon St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

## Education

CHATTING with a boy of eleven recently, I remarked: "You'll learn that in your history."

"I am taking a professional course," he replied. "History and geography are for commercial students only."

I'm told English is also no longer a compulsory subject.

These points need attention:

Boys and girls of 11 and 12 are too young to make a decision as to their course of study, even if they have the advice of psychologists.

Professional men are expected to have wide cultural standards, yet if they neglect their mother tongue, with its marvellous literary heritage, how can they appreciate the literature of other nations?

The world after the war will demand an international outlook from its leaders, yet history and geography are ignored as a means of developing this; or treated as separate subjects, instead of having their interdependence stressed.

In spite of talk of developing cultural background, education shows every sign of becoming more commercialised. How will the younger generation spend greater leisure if the schools do not bend their energies in the right direction?

—Mrs. Clare Robin.  
291 Blaxland Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.

## Pensions for parents

CHILD endowment is not sufficient inducement to make people have large families. Would this be?

When parents have successfully reared a required minimum of offspring, and have reached the pension age, they should be paid at the basic wage rate.

Parents rearing families are not able to have luxuries, but what a blessing it would be for them to know that their old age is secure from poverty.

—Mrs. J. Handley.  
Conway, Proserpine, Nth. Qld.

## Animal Antics



"You won't catch me jumpin' that fence! This guy stutters."

## New Zealand's Maori Battalion

Continued from page 15

THEY eat with a smile—and fight with a smile. "But when they fight, the mantle of their ancestors descends upon them—and after a battle is over many of them could not tell you what has happened."

Their great ancestral pride and poetry of race found its highest expression in the ceremony of investiture in which, at Ruatoua, N.Z., last October, was honored the first Maori V.C.

It was a posthumous award. On March 28, 1943, at Tebaga Gap, 24-year-old Second-Lieutenant Moana-Nui-Kaiwa Ngarimu commanded a battalion in the attack upon a vital hill feature named Point 209.

He led his men straight up the hill under withering fire, and himself was first on the crest, personally wiping out two enemy machine-gun posts. In a vicious counter-attack Second-Lieut. Ngarimu and his men engaged the enemy man for man—he himself slew seven.

Wounded in the shoulder and the leg, he refused to obey orders to go out, saying he would stay a little while with his men.

He fought with them through the long hours of darkness, showing inspired courage and leadership.

Morning found him still in possession of the hill feature. But, when the enemy again counter-attacked, Second-Lieutenant Ngarimu was killed.

"He was killed on his feet, defiantly facing the enemy with his tommy-gun at his hip. As he fell, he came to rest almost on top of those of the enemy who had fallen to his gun."

Thousands of Maoris from all parts of the Dominion gathered for the ceremony at Ruatoua, Gisborne District, where the Governor-General of New Zealand, Sir Cyril Newell, presented Ngarimu's Victoria Cross to Hamuera Ngarimu, the father. The Prime Minister of New Zealand gave a special address.

The war-dancers who performed the traditional ceremonial welcome to distinguished guests brought the words of the war-song up to date.

"Italy is finished . . . Germany is submerged, and Japan is crushed," they sang.

Their great fighting tradition had, in the exploits of Ngarimu, a new tradition. That was the spirit of the day.

It was in keeping that, on this same day, the guard of honor should be of men of the New Maori Battalion, ready for service overseas.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

# "My Son, My Son!"

'Library of the Air'

presents HOWARD SPRING'S stirring novel . . . a story that revolves round the dreams of two lifelong friends.



2GB 8 P.M. THURS.

## ★★★ LASSIE COME HOME

MGM's film version of Eric Knight's delightful book for children is guaranteed to touch the heart of any adult.

The tale is a simple and well-known one—merely the devotion of a collie dog for her young master.

The beauty and warmth of the relationship between young Roddy McDowall and that miraculously histrionic collie, Lassie, are brilliantly portrayed.

Taken far away from Roddy, the dog escapes, and starts on a weary cross-country trek, through glorious, technicolored landscapes.

The reunion between Roddy and Lassie is one of the most tear-jerking scenes of the year.

Edmund Gwenn as the wandering pedlar is as solidly capable as ever, and his endearing trick dog, Toots, might have stolen the show if it were not for Lassie—Liberty: showing.

## ★★ THIS IS THE LIFE

THIS is a refreshing and diverting film that provides ample scope for the versatile talents of three clever youngsters—Susanna Foster, Donald O'Connor, and Peggy Ryan.

The story is pure froth, but brightly written, and the tale develops at a spirited pace.

Susanna's lovely singing voice is heard to fine advantage in such old favorites as "Gibberish" and "L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour."

Donald O'Connor demonstrates his dancing and singing ability, and shows a distinct flair for comedy.

Harmon-carm Peggy Ryan is a perfect partner for O'Connor, and teams effectively with him for a couple of song-and-dance routines.

Patric Knowles and Louise Allbritton do well in supporting roles, but their acting lacks animation by comparison with the exuberance of the youthful stars—Capitol and Cameo: showing.

# Film Reviews

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★★ Average  
★ Below average  
No stars — below average.

## ★★ REVELLE WITH BEVERLY

SWING fans will find plenty to get excited over in this Columbia film presenting tap-dancing Ann Miller with four of America's most popular orchestras—Bob Crosby's, Freddie Slack's, Duke Ellington's, and Count Basie's. You'll also see in this rhythm-jammed show the Four Mills Brothers, crooner Frank Sinatra, the Radio Rogues, and Ella Mae Morse, Slack's vivacious vocalist.

The story presents Miss Miller as the broadcaster on an early morning show intended for the early-rising boys in camps.—Plaza: showing.

The story presents Miss Miller as the broadcaster on an early morning show intended for the early-rising boys in camps.—Plaza: showing.

The story presents Miss Miller as the broadcaster on an early morning show intended for the early-rising boys in camps.—Plaza: showing.

## ★★ CONEY ISLAND

THE picturesque costumes of the 1900's and a vivid carnival background of Coney Island, plus Betty Grable's blonde prettiness, provide Fox with a perfect opportunity for a splurge in technicolor.

The lavish production is worthy of a better story than the trite one of two men trying to win the same girl, and the music is disappointing.

The entire film is centred on number one box office star Betty Grable. Neither her singing nor dancing is particularly exciting, but she photographs perfectly.

George Montgomery doesn't seem quite at ease as the cocky confidence man, but Cesar Romero falls neatly into the role of the unscrupulous night-club owner.

Phil Silvers and Charles Winninger handle the comedy superbly.—Regent: showing.



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

WITH fortunate planetary influences predominating now, many people may expect a turn for the better in their affairs. The coming weeks are especially favorable for people born under Scorpio, Cancer, and Pisces. Those belonging to Leo, Aries, and Sagittarius will benefit after July 22.

Arians, Librans, and Capricornians, however, must be careful in all matters up to July 22; those born under Taurus, Scorpio, and Aquarius must be cautious for some weeks after that date.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week—

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): A mixed week. Be wise and patient on July 18, 19, and early on July 20. From July 20 (evening) to late July 22 should show considerable improvement. Some good weeks ahead.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): A confusing time for you now. July 18 (except between 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.) very helpful. July 19 fair. July 20 (2 p.m. to 9 p.m.) good. From July 20 to 22 difficult. July 24 (midday hours) poor.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): July 18 (the holidays) fair for semi-important matters. July 22 (forenoon to dusk) fair.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): Speedy important matters. July 18 (except early afternoon and sunset hours) excellent. July 19 good. July 20 very good (especially noon to midnight). July 21 (dawn and dusk) and July 22 (forenoon to dusk) very fair. July 23 (4 p.m. to 8 p.m.) helpful.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Make improvements possible now. Work hard and seek desired goals, changes, favors, gains, and promotions. These following days can prove unusually helpful: July 18 (except 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.), July 20 (afternoon and evening), July 21 (near dawn and dusk), July 22 (forenoon to dusk), and July 23 (sunrise to 8 p.m.).

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): July 18 (early afternoon and mid-evening), July 20 (2 p.m. to midnight), and July 22 (sunrise to dusk) are all moderately fortunate.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Difficulties possible on July 18 (especially noon to dusk). July 23 fair. Rest of week poor. Routine best now.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Mixed week. To plan wisely. July 18 (except 2 p.m. to 7 p.m.) helpful. July 19 very fair. July 20 (midday to 9 p.m.) good; rest of day poor. July 22 (evening) poor. Routine best for few weeks.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Next few weeks favorable for you. July 20 (evening), July 21 (dawn and dusk hours), and July 22 (forenoon to dusk) can be helpful. Routine best from July 23 to July 25, but plan changes in succeeding weeks.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Be cautious for a while longer. July 18 (noon onwards) poor. July 19 and 20 routine worst. July 23 (early morning and dusk hours) fair.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Be wary now. July 18 (sunrise to 3 p.m.) helpful. Avoid losses, partings, discord, and changes during rest of week.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Hasten to complete important matters on July 18 (early afternoon or evening hours) and on July 20 (midday to midnight). July 19 and 20 (morning) next best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Well, she always said she intended to marry a struggling young lawyer!"



F6445.—Sweet yet practical blouse. Note yoke and sleeve treatment. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 1½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.



F876.—Particularly smart two-piece. Contrast trimming lends additional chic. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## Fashion PATTERNS



F6796.—As smart as big sister's—cozy dressing-gown for the 6-to-12-year-old miss. Requires 3 yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.



F5507.—Nicely styled pyjama suit for you, featuring puff sleeves, high neck, and attractive front. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 5½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns or needlework (noted below) to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 491C, G.P.O., Perth; Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 125C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 424W, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 195C, G.P.O., Melbourne; N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.



## Needlework Notions

Ready-to-make brassiere, scanties

This well-cut set, embracing scanties and brassiere, comes to you with the pattern of each traced on lingerie satin in a lovely pink or blue; also in white lingerie satin. Dainty embroidery motifs are also traced on the satin ready for working. All you have to do is to cut and sew by hand or machine. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust measurements.

Price for the 2-piece set, 14/11 (5 coupons). Plus 6s. postage.

When ordering, please quote No. 492, and be sure to state whether you require pink, blue, or white lingerie satin.



## Dear little frock for the 2-to-6-year-olds

See the pretty style at right (No. 493). You may obtain this ready-to-cut-and-make frock in an all-woollen material in shades of pink, blue, or natural. The design shows a high neckline finished with collar; long sleeves, and a fully flared skirt. Embroidery trims the bodice, and motifs are stamped on the fabric all in readiness to work. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 27/6 (6 coupons); sizes 4 to 6 years, 30/6 (6 coupons). Plus 5s. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 493.



Above are shown back views of F1910, and F876, the smart two-piece illustrated at top of the page.

F1910.—Skating frock for girls 6 to 12 years of age. Requires 2½ yds., and 1½ yd. contrast 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1783.—Charming frock for special dressy occasions. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 2½ yds., 54 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE



## "LINDA" SMART FROCK for between-seasons wear

Made in a rayon staple fibre material of medium weight, and in shades of lilac-blue, sage-blue, rose, green, or grey, this attractive little frock is fine for town or business wear. "LINDA" features a high lying neckline, straight shoulder yoke, well extended shoulders, and a plain six-gored skirt.

**READY TO WEAR:** Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 62/6 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 66/12 (12 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

**CUT OUT ONLY:** Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 42/12 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 46/6 (12 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "LINDA" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3484R, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.





**BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY** for John Fullard, singer, who accompanies attractive wife, Helen (left), and Mrs. Alan Coad to second night of opera, when "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" are presented at Conservatorium. John, who has just received his discharge from Navy, sings role of Faust on opening night, Mrs. Coad's husband sings role of Beppe in "Pagliacci" at second night's performance.

## On and Off DUTY.

**PLUM** pudding, meringue, blackberry larts, and still more plum pudding are service girls' favorite dishes, according to Mrs. M. Tanner, housekeeper of the National Defence League Canteen, which celebrates second birthday this Thursday.

"I make at least two plum puddings every day—it's very hard to get ingredients, and sometimes the girls, who, incidentally, call me 'Ma,' accuse me of putting everything but the kitchen stove in them," says Mrs. Tanner.

"We've served 102,000 meals to servicemen since the canteen commenced," she adds.

Lady Wakehurst will pay her third visit to the canteen when she attends the birthday party this Thursday.

**ROMANTIC** story behind meeting of Jean Anderson and her fiancé, Corporal John Sterrett, U.S. Army Air Force.

When John, who is a singer, arrived in Sydney on leave from northern battle station, he rang American Red Cross Club for information as to where he could find an accompanist. They suggested the Conservatorium, and Jean was picked by the Registrar for the job. Now they plan marriage when he comes on leave again. Jean, by the way, has won many musical scholarships, and is now doing Diploma course, and hopes to continue musical career in America after her marriage.

Jean, who is only child of late Dr. Noel Anderson, of Gympie, and of Mrs. Florence Anderson, is now teaching at Hornsby Home Science School.

**CONGRATULATIONS** being received by Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wolf, of Bondi, on birth of second child—a son—Michael Howard.



**MR. WILLIAM DICKENSON**, American war correspondent, and Mrs. Dickenson, who before her recent marriage in Melbourne was Sue Fraser, daughter of late Mr. Simon Fraser, and of Mrs. Fraser, of Toorak. Couple now making home in Brisbane after honeymooning at Canberra. Sue was frequent visitor to Sydney before war.



**HOME-MADE LUNCHES** provided by Kindergarten Union's sandwich shop, 56 Drutt Street, when helpers Mrs. K. Medical (left), Miss Polly King, Mrs. E. J. Munro are among voluntary workers who help at shop. Proceeds go to Kindergarten Union.



**BOOKS FOR OUR BOYS.** President of R.A.A.F. Younger Set Comforts Fund, Janet McPhee (left), treasurer, Peggy Bercl, hand over £30 cheque to Younger Set president of C.U.S.A. R.A.A.F. unit, Margaret Compton, to purchase books for R.A.A.F. C.U.S.A. Library, Rowe Street. R.A.A.F. Younger Set members will celebrate fourth birthday with dance at White City this Saturday.

**MEET** Ginette Scamps, who tells me breathlessly that she receives bundle of seven long letters from fiancé, Surgeon-Lieut. Brian Oxenham, R.A.N.R.

**PLANNING** to be married on her fiancé's next leave is Morna McKittrick, who is engaged to Captain Robert Orr, A.A.M.C.

Bride-to-be, who is nursing at Prince Alfred Hospital, is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McKittrick, of South Grafton. Captain Orr is son of late Dr. H. J. Orr, of Launceston, Tasmania, and of Mrs. G. Orr, of Rose Bay.

**MEET** Private Raymond Beatty, A.A.M.C., hunting round the town for wig-makers and theatrical make-up on his first day's Army leave. Reason is Raymond is to perform with opera company, and has saved up leave to coincide with season. His wife, Heather Kinnaird, is also one of leading singers with company.

**ENVY** Philippa and Denis Allan their freedom from petrol worries when I see Philippa driving Denis to town on rainy day in the Allans' electric brougham. Philippa also finds mode of transport convenient, too, for doing household shopping at Double Bay.



**CELEBRATION DINNER.** Mrs. L. Lander (centre), Commandant of Metropolitan V.A. Detachment, is guest of honor at dinner given by detachment at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen, to receive congratulations on her recent award of King's Brooch and Bar for long service with V.A.s. Mrs. Lander served with original detachment in last war. Assistant Commandant Mrs. N. Fowler-Smith (left), Quartermaster Mrs. G. Stien present lovely camellias to their guest.



**NEWCASTLE WEDDING.** Squadron-Leader Desmond Lees Peate, R.A.A.F. (left), and his bride, formerly Margaret Seale, with their attendants, Vera Lee and Pilot-Officer Fred Cahill, R.A.A.F., after their wedding at Newcastle Cathedral.

## Interesting People

**SIR ALWYN CROW**

**AWARDED** knight hood in recent birthday honors as the brains behind Britain's new weapon, the rocket gun. Dr. Alwyn Crow, ballistic expert, has been working with staff of chemists, physicists and metallurgists since 1936 to perfect the gun. Sir Alwyn is controller, projectile developments, British Ministry of Supply.

**CAPT. ALISON CAMPBELL**

**FIRST** chief physiotherapist to hold post of chief physiotherapist on staff of Director-General Medical Services is Captain Alison Campbell, A.A.M.W.S. Acts as liaison officer between D.G.M.S. and physiotherapists in Australian general hospitals and convalescent depots, inspects equipment and work of physiotherapists attached to medical units. Enlisting in 1939, she did notable work in Middle East. Holds diplomas of Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics, England, and Australasian Physiotherapy Association.

**MR. E. M. ANGUS**

**CHIEF** electrical engineer at South Australian Fire Brigade headquarters, Mr. E. M. Angus, is inventor of new type fire alarm known as talk-alarm. Speaking into alarm, person reporting a fire can converse with head fire station. Invention prevents brigades answering false calls. Believed to be only instrument of its kind in the world, it has been patented by South Australian Fire Brigade.

**UNUSUAL** wedding cake made in shape of doll is baked by bride, Lindsay Russell Walker, to be cut at reception at home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Walker, of Gordon, after her marriage with Corporal Bob Neil, A.I.F., at St. John's Church, Gordon. Couple honeymooning at Cronulla, then Katoomba, and later at bride's parents' home at Terrigal during Bob's sixty days' leave.

**INDEFATIGABLE** concert artist Emile Gardiner joins G.W.A. Eastern Suburbs branch, and offers services for concert at Conservatorium on August 1 for G.W.A. Gowrie Scholarship Fund Appeal.

**WONDERFUL** record of members of R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund (Richmond Station), who celebrated fourth birthday this year. As well as providing comforts for R.A.A.F. men overseas, committee provide knitted articles, and do sewing and mending for men actually at Richmond Station. Members of committee are mainly wives of men attached to station and each member takes her turn at holding monthly meeting at own home when committee meets and discusses money-raising plans.

joyce





● PAUL HENREID, Viennese actor, is one of Warners' most popular stars. He is a baron by inheritance, but dropped the title when he became an American citizen. Next film is "Now, Voyager," with Bette Davis.



● ANN SHERIDAN, vivid redhead, first achieved fame as the "Oomph Girl" after winning a beauty contest. She is now on her way to England, where she will spend three months on a camp entertainment tour. You will soon see Ann in "Animal Kingdom."



● IRENE MANNING, attractive, blonde singer, rose to stardom in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Irene has been on several camp tours, and sings regularly every week at the Hollywood Canteen. Her most recent film is "Desert Song," with Dennis Morgan.



● JACK CARSON has been greatly in demand lately for important supporting roles, and has one of his best parts in Warners' "Animal Kingdom." He recently returned to Hollywood after a very successful war bond tour, and is a bright entertainer at camp shows.

## Movie World

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL



ON UNDERWEAR!





### Don't let that burn become dangerous!

Only a small accident, but don't let that burn become septic... it may lead to serious complications. Apply Germolene liberally and lightly bandage to exclude the air. Germolene prevents infection, soothes away pain, heals in record time. Make Germolene your family ointment, because it has proved itself not only in the treatment of minor mishaps, but in more serious cases of skin trouble, such as eczema, abscesses... also insect bites, sunburn and heat rash.

Always keep a jar handy.

In glass jars 1/6.

At all Chemists and Stores.

**Germolene**  
SKIN OINTMENT  
HEALS IN RECORD TIME



1 **NERVOUS** lift-driver Danny (Danny Kaye) is drafted into Army along with his best pal Joe (Dana Andrews).



3 **WHEN** the others receive sailing orders, Mary stows away on the ship, and Danny, in attempting to conceal her presence, arouses the wrath of the colonel.

## 'Up in Arms'—gay musical



2 **IN CAMP** the boys meet Army nurses Mary (Constance Dowling) and Virginia (Dinah Shore), but Danny ignores Virginia, who is greatly in love with him, and pays attention to Mary, who is Joe's girl.



4 **THE SHIP** reaches port, and Danny is thrown into gaol, but when his friends persuade the colonel to release him they discover Danny has escaped.

### Distinguished British Beauty

The Lovely Lady Doverdale is the wife of the third Baron Doverdale. Terribly busy nowadays with her war work, she says: "I simply haven't time for elaborate beauty treatments. Pond's two Creams fulfil all my skin's needs. They keep it beautifully soft and smooth." Remember! Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as the perfect powder base.



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further.

Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-grasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!



5 **TAKEN PRISONER** by an advance patrol of the Japs, Danny escapes and, disguised as a Jap, he tricks the enemy into following him into the American trap.



6 **ON RETURNING** to his battalion, Danny is made a hero, and at last realises his true love for Virginia.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FAMOUS STAR OF BROADWAY

"UP IN ARMS," Sam Goldwyn's technicolor musical for RKO, marks the screen debut of the Broadway comedy sensation, Danny Kaye, a tall young human whirlwind whose amazing versatility in pantomime and music has made him the current rage of America.

In this film, Kaye portrays a neurotic draftee plagued with a flock of non-existent ailments.

Vivacious singer Dinah Shore also appears, and lovely Constance Dowling makes her first screen appearance.

### THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you if you are subject to  
Rheumatism — Backache  
Muscular Pains  
High Blood Pressure



Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"

Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."

Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"

Patient: "Yes, I've had that for a long time."

Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."

Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"

Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."

Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes puffed and puffy?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."

Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."

Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"

Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back."

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flashes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart.

M49A



## All made from remnants...

● A sunny yellow wool blouse teams smartly with a trim, teal-blue skirt to make an attractive outfit for fashion-alert business girls. With it a fetching teal-blue hat.

● Tomato-red sheer wool is used for a sophisticated overblouse nipped in at the waist with a soft tie. The deep blue gathered skirt features slit pockets.

● Bright colors are a grand tonic for the spirits. For instance, consider the charm of this vivid checked skirt, worn with a dark gray sleeveless bodice and gay red underblouse.

● A suavely tailored mustard blouse matches up with the casual felt hat, and provides an effective contrast to the slim skirt of olive-green wool.

● Three shades of grey wool are used to make this youthful dirndl skirt, and it's worn with a green blouse, over-checked in red-and-white.

Benz





When I heard that LISTERINE Tooth Paste lasts twice as long, and removed stain, film and dinginess at the first brushing I doubted, but I'm fair, and I tried it. The results certainly sold me. My teeth look and feel clean, and they're whiter than ever before!

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large, generous size Tube, 1/5s

## You Can't Escape

Continued from page 10

I PUTS it to this analyser as to the price for this job, and he says it would be a matter of three guineas, and I think three guineas is as good to me and Chippy as to this bird, although it seems he can't afford to buy the latest magazines for his waiting-room, which is very dim-lit, too, even if there was any good, up-to-date sporting papers.

As far as I can see from this analyser, all that's wrong with Chippy is he's been reading his library book and got himself worked up like I've seen him before, then along comes this hypnotist bird, or whatever he is, and he says something that Chippy gets mixed up with something in his book, and gives him this complex, which is called a fear complex, and now he's scared to read the end of the book which is silly, and I reckon if he knows the end, and it's all ups-a-daisy and happy like, he'll get rid of this complex thing, when it isn't and ends up bad, it won't do him no good.

So I think if he won't read it himself I'll read it for him, and if it's on the up-and-up I'll just tell him and say, "Well, what the heck you been worryin' over, you old mutt?"

I think this is very interesting, and I'm glad I know how to cure Chippy and get him back to his old self.

Well, I meets a pal, and we go for a couple of pots, and there's this same girl who I saw talking to the old soak the night before, and I can see she's bursting to tell us something and she's hardly give us our pots before she breaks it.

"Just missed a bit of excitement, you boys," she says.

"What?" says my pal.

"Remember the old chap talking to me when you was here last night—the one with his arm off? Well, he was standing just where you are now. He'd had a couple, and all of a sudden he crumpled up and conked out—not five minutes ago," she tells us, "on the very spot where you're standing."

We moves down the bar a bit, and has a couple more pots because this isn't nice news, and we yarns about a double this cobber of mine has got a leg in with, and then I toddle home. And there's Chippy still sitting in his chair like he was a paralysed invalid, and I'm Little Red Riding Hood. I asks him has he been out, and he says no, so I says what about us going out for a hamburger, and then go to the docks, but this don't tempt him. Seems he's determined to sit in that chair till he dies.

"Well," I says, trying to speak as if I was light-hearted, see, "common fellaers like me has got to eat even if some folks would sooner sit in a chair and die of slow starvation," and I'm just pushing off to the kitchenette when I see Chippy's library book on the little table at the back of him, and I takes it with me and begins to read from where it was marked with this little bit of ribbon. I've been telling you about. Well, it's a lotta tripe. So far as entertainment goes I'd as soon take a decker round the morgue, but it has a happy endin'.

I feel very relieved about this because now I can tell Chippy about it and he can get rid of this complex thing.

I scrambles some eggs and makes some toast and goes to a lotta trouble.

Then I cuts all the crust off the toast and butters it, and then I lobs the egg neat like on the toast and gets a sprig of parsley from Mrs. Megaworth, on the next floor, and puts it on top of the egg and puts the plate on a tray with a salt cellar and pepper pot and a cuppa tea, and I cleans up a knife and fork and it looks pretty good to me, and I thinks Chippy'll like this because he goes for this sort of frill, see, and sometimes I know it gets his goat when I leave my spoon in my cuppa tea and he leans over and says excuse me, and takes it out. He's like that, see.

WELL, I puts a handkerchief on my head like I was a nurse, and I carts the tray in, and, joking-like, I say: "Well, and how's my little patient to-day?" and I plops the tray in front of him. "The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast," I says.

Well, you'd think something had stung him. He shuts his eyes tight and I can hear him grind his teeth as if there's a nerve giving him gypso; then he pulls himself together and looks at me and looks at the tray.

"Sorry, Mike," he says.

"Come on," I says. "Buck up, me hearty, and get outside that. Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—"

He shuts his eyes again and puts out his hand.

"Don't, Mike," he says, and I'm worried, see, because I see he's lost his sense of humor and he don't want to talk, so I say nothin', and by and by I'm glad to see he's eating some of the egg, which smells good-oh to me, and I think I'll go into the kitchenette and dope out something for meself. Well, when I'm messing round in there, I takes a squiz and I sees he's drinkin' some tea and I thinks now's the time to break it about the book. It's a good idea to be in the kitchenette because he can't stop me the way he does when I start to tell him about a movie I've seen.

He's a fellow that don't like to be told what's going to happen, and I'm pretty good about these things, and, even if I'm bursting to tell him what I've seen at the picketers, I keep it to meself. But this is different because on account of this fear complex he's got to know, so I calls out off-hand:

"Oh, by the way, Chippy," I calls. "That library book of yours. It's got

## GAY HAT OF VELVET AND FEATHERS



JOSEPHINE-RED, the rich, purplish tone worn by Napoleon's Empress, appears in the spectacular feather trimming on this festive black velvet sailor. The feathers are quill tips, specially cut and dyed, and throw flattering shadows over the face.

a happy end. Estelle is all set to marry Arthur."

There's a silence for a moment, then I hear a clatter and I runs in and there's Chippy standing up with his fists clenched by his sides and the tray and tea things on the floor. Just at that moment there's a knock at the door and it opens and Mrs. Megaworth puts her head in. "Oh, excuse me," she says, "there's a telephone message been left for Mr. Chalmers (that's Chippy). A gentleman jist rang," she says, "and says not to forget the appointment for to-night. He wouldn't leave any name," she says, "because Mr. Chalmers would understand."

I edges her out and closes the door and Chippy's still standing like a slat, and then he starts to laugh softly, and then it gets louder and a bit harsh, and I can tell you I don't like it a bit because this laugh isn't nice to listen to. It's hopeless like and bitter, like a bloke laughs when he's put his last dollar on a horse and it gets beat by a nose.

"Now, now," I says to him. "I don't see any reason to laugh. Look at the lino." I mops up the spilled tea and hits of egg and picks up the broken pieces, and by this time Chippy is sitting in his chair again.

"Mike," he says. "Did you go to the pub to-day?"

Yes, I was there, I tells him. "Did you see the old gentleman you told me about yesterday?"

"No," I says. I'm not going to tell him how this old soak has conked out because I don't want to worry Chippy any more by telling him bad news.

"No?" he says. "I'll tell you why, Mike. He's dead."

"Why, how did you know?" I asks. "I thought you didn't go out."

"No, I didn't go out," he tells me, "and I haven't seen any papers. But he's dead all right, Mike. I know."

I don't like this at all because how could he know? And I go a bit goose-fleshy for a minute because the way he tells it it sounds uncanny, see; but then I thinks, he's only guessing.

"You can't escape, Mike," he says. "No one can escape." And he gives a sigh and I don't know what to say because I don't know what the heck he's talking about, and I think maybe he is cuckoo.

Then, after a minute, he seems to brighten a bit as if he wants to throw off his bad mood, and he asks me about the weather and I like this because when a bloke takes an interest in the weather you know he's just or'nerly, with or'nerly ideas, and, whatever you say, in the long run it's blokes with or'nerly ideas that have the best times, like the punters that never back nothing but favorites and let the rest of us mugs do the worryin'.

Please turn to page 29

## SWISHING SUDS FOR VICTORY



"Good for you, Thelma!" We know it's chilly work swishing buckets of icy cold soap suds over small arms ammunition, but Thelma Robotom is keen on her war work at the munition factory. She smiles at cold because she knows a cup of hot Bonox will always brighten things up—make her warm and keep her cheerful. Steaming hot Bonox sends new vitality racing direct to the bloodstream and in no time it's through the whole system. Get a "lift" with Bonox; it's a grand pick-me-up at any hour, builds up your resistance, keeps your head above the flu line. Drink Bonox every day.

## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

If you feel ill, consult your Doctor; but remember most Practitioners are over-worked just now.

For most minor ailments there are many reputable Proprietary Medicines:—

For example . . .

### Hearne's Bronchitis Cure FOR COUGHS & COLDS.

W. G. HEARNE & CO., Pty., Ltd., Geelong.



## serving ON ALL FRONTS



## NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE COLOREFAST HANDKERCHIEFS  
Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 124 Broadway, Sydney





## Wardrobe tonics...



THIS LACQUERED, woven string hat and bag set is the current rage of America, and is especially favored interpreted in patriotic red, white, and blue. The hat, a large tailored sailor, and the handbag, made in simple envelope style, are both garnished with a fringe of the string.



FOR IMPORTANT OCCASIONS, any fashion-alert girl will love these flattering black suede sandals. Colored gros-grain ribbon is used for the ties, and can be changed to match up with your frock.



TO BRING GLAMOR to a severe black frock, add an unexpected froth of crisp white to enliven the V neckline. This engaging collar is a lovely combination of filmy organza and fine cotton lace.

## "A Boon in Every Kitchen"

That is how the Science of Life Meal Chart has been described. This meal chart—12½ x 17½, printed in four colours—is most valuable because it shows at a glance the science of nutrition, the vital principles of health, the proper food combinations, the 80-20 formula for health, scores of suggestions for better breakfasts, snacker sandwiches, lunches, salads, salad dressings, dinners, desserts, vital information about vitamins, etc.

The Science of Life Meal Chart raises the business of feeding the family to one of positive health, with half the work normally involved. A BOON IN EVERY KITCHEN. Price 3/6 (3/7½ posted).

The following Science of Life Booklets are now ready:—

1. One Hundred Secrets of Good Health.
2. Eat and Be Well!
3. Vitamins Work Wonders!
4. Be Your Own Doctor!
5. Constipation—Cause and Cure.
6. Stomach Troubles—Cause and Cure.
7. Heart Ailments—Cause and Cure.
8. Appendicitis—Cause, Prevention, and Cure.
9. Rheumatism—Cause and Cure.
- 10A. Kidney Disease—Cause and Cure.
11. Cancer—How Caused and Prevented.
12. How to Avoid the Common Cold.
13. Blood Pressure—Cause and Prevention.
14. T.B.—Cause, Prevention, and Cure.

The price of each booklet is 2/- (2/3½ posted). Every home should have—The Science of Life Health Chart—3/6. The Science of Life Meal Chart—3/6. From all leading booksellers, newsagents, or from—

Science of Life Books, Box 4397, G.P.O., Sydney.

## So I tella Chip

there's a bit of a drizzle, so he says would I mind getting his coat, because he has to keep his appointment. And when I comes back from the bedroom he's got his watch in his hand.

"Look, Mike," he says. "I've always wanted to give you something, so I'll give you this watch so's every time you look at it you'll remember the nice times we had together."

Well, this watch is a pretty nice ticker, and I don't know what to say. I think perhaps he's thinking how I got up them scrambled eggs on the tray and all, and I say no, I can't take it, but he won't listen, and soon he's put it in my pocket and is putting his coat on and I'm feeling better because he's more like his old self, and I'm glad I told him about the end of the library book and it's got rid of this fear stuff.

I think to meself it's three guineas in the kick that this analyser woulda took if I hadn't been smart. I'm glad, too, because Chippy has forgot all about this hypnotist bird that started the whole works, and I've got the watch and I'm feeling very good that everything should've ended up so happy.

When he gets his coat buttoned up Chip asks me will I come with him and drive down to the rank.

"I'd like you to stick round, Mike," he says, and so I says yes, of course I will, and we goes out and there's a heavy drizzle, see, but this Chippy's a pretty careful driver and don't take no chances on skids, so soon we're on the rank and on account of it being a crook night there's no other cab there, and I asks what time's this appointment.

## You Can't Escape

Continued from page 28

"I don't know," Chip says. "I've just got to wait. Tain't in my hands."

"I see," I says. "Well, so long, Chippy. I'll go and knock the balls about at Alice's."

But he says, very serious, "Would you mind, Mike, waiting with me till he comes?" I'm a bit surprised at this because other times Chippy don't like anyone hanging round his cab, not even the other taxi men, because he don't know the horses, see, and he can't join in the conversation; but I says of course if he wants, I'll stay.

Well, I'm sitting alongside him and it's drizzling, only harder, and there seems nobody about because all the p.c.kchers has gone in and it's always slack about this time, and Chippy isn't talking and I feel a bit drowsy; but suddenly I feel a touch on me arm and I look round but I can't see no one, but I'm wise someone's there because I can feel the touch and I hears a voice saying, "Out, please," as if he was in a hurry and I've got his seat.

I'm going to say what's the big idea? but next thing I'm on the road and I'm not sayin' anything, and, believe it or not, all the lights in the park and on the street sort of blur, and I think I'm in the surf only I'm being carried out and this is what happened once only a life-saver got me, and not too blinking soon, either. Well, I comes to, I s'pose, and, only dimly, mind you, I see a bloke get in the taxi alongside Chippy and he leans over and

I hear him say, "Come on, Chip, let's go." And then I hears Chippy say, "Where?" "Why," this chap says, and he's got a very nice voice, low, like he was almost singing, "what does it matter, Chippy?"

I hears this, see, in a sorta dream, because I'm on the brink, like when you know you're blotto, but you're trying to hang on. I hears Chippy's voice, as if it was far away, saying, "So long, Mike," and then the cab's turned and is moving up Elizabeth Street through the drizzle, and all the lights have gone up again and there I am standing in the rain like a prize mug. I run to the corner and watch the taxi, and I see it's getting up a fair bit of speed, but there's not much traffic and I can follow it with my eyes till it gets near Bathurst Street.

And it's just then that I catches sight of this other car. It's coming round the corner, see, and going at a good bat, and it skids, and, well, I guess Chippy jams on his brakes to avoid a collision, and I sees his cab slide, and the next thing there's a crash and Chippy's smashed into the electric light post.

I RUN like mad, and by the time I gets there there's a small crowd. I push in and someone's singing out to bring an ambulance and a big copper's bending over Chippy, and I see at once he's dead, and I look round and I can't see any other body.

I says to the cop, "I know him," I says, pointing to Chippy. "He had a bloke in the cab with him when he left the rank just now. Where is he?"

"He musta got out," says this cop, "because I seen the whole thing, and this bird was driving a empty taxi."

Now I knows this is boloney, because I'd watched Chippy driving up Elizabeth Street, and I know no one jumped out. I tells this to the cop, and he takes my name, and, by and by, there's a Inquest and I'm called as a witness, and the big copper tells how Chippy was driving the taxi and it skidded and there weren't no one else in the cab, and the other bloke in the other car says he saw Chippy driving but he never see no one else with him neither.

I tells 'em about this bloke being in the car sitting in the front, and I says I watched all the time and he didn't get out, so he musta been in the accident, but where is he? The coroner says, "Can you describe this man?" and he has me there, because I can't, and he asks me a lotta questions and I can't get a word in the way I want to tell it because he says just answer the questions, please. But I do manage to say the lights all went blurry and I was all giddy like when Chippy and the other bloke drove away.

There's a lawyer chap there, too, who's been chipping in off and on, and he jumps up and asks me did I have any drinks that afternoon. I says of course I did. And he says, "The lights all went blurry and you felt

giddy, did you?" "Too right," I tells him. He looks up at the coroner and says, "I think, your Honor, we can disregard the evidence of this witness." The old boy on the bench nods, and the next thing a copper has edged me out into the street, and I'm feeling pretty mad, but what can I do?

(Copyright)

## When the Lights shine again



That is the time we are all looking forward to. Our boys will be back home and we pick up the threads of life again. That is why I am always so particular about my appearance... waiting for those days to come.

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.



## Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF LIPSTICKS



Nylon—the world's wonder material for toothbrush tufts—anti-soggy and hygienic.

WHEN YOU NEED A TOOTHBRUSH MADE WITH NYLON TUFTS—SIMPLY ASK FOR 'NYLEX' A product of The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., North Sydney

I can do with less  
if its Kayser  
because I depend on  
the quality of  
Kayser.. and  
buy war bonds



KAYSER  
GLOVES — HOSIERY — LINGERIE



# Whether you're

## CONSERVATIVE PROGRESSIVE

**— YOU'LL CHOOSE FELTEX FOR YOUR FLOOR COVERINGS**

Modern architecture will offer to the post-war home builder a wide range of interior treatments in keeping with exterior designs—whether conservative or progressive.

Floor covering to harmonise perfectly with either type of interior will THEN be available in the post-war range of FELTEX, in plain, marbled or patterned shades.

Today we ask you to take care of your FELTEX and to avoid replacements unless your present floor coverings are really badly worn. Supplies available in retail stores today are strictly limited and the range is restricted to very few colours. Don't blame the retailer for this, because production has long been diverted to more urgently required products.

# FELTEX

Product of Felt & Textiles of Australia Limited, Feltex House, 261 George Street, Sydney.



## Our bonny New Year Baby grows apace

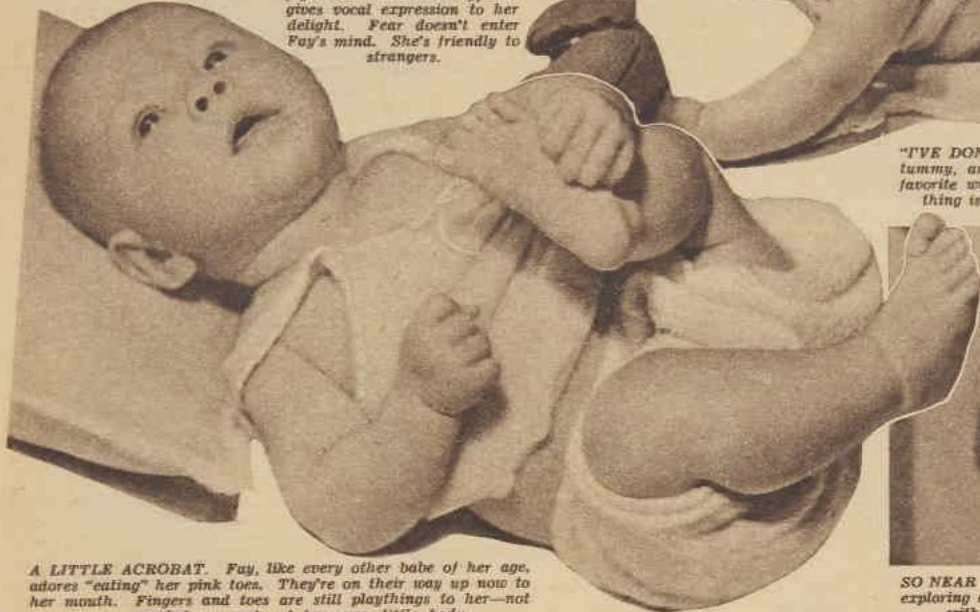
• These studies of Fay Lorraine Morgan, born January 1, 1944, were taken when she was five months old.



**ABANDONMENT!** Life is one joyous adventure to Fay, who gives vocal expression to her delight. Fear doesn't enter Fay's mind. She's friendly to strangers.



**"I'VE DONE IT!"** ... The joy of achievement. Fay rolls round on her tummy, and makes strenuous efforts to capture her "Jumbo," a great favorite with her! She now shows displeasure when any favorite plaything is taken from her. But tears and laughter run close together.



**A LITTLE ACROBAT.** Fay, like every other babe of her age, adores "eating" her pink toes. They're on their way up now to her mouth. Fingers and toes are still playthings to her—not regarded as parts of her own little body.



**SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!** ... Fay's hands and eyes work together in exploring and reaching for objects put near her. She now plays actively with her rattle, and shows a growing pleasure in looking at it.

IF THE HAIRDRESSER  
THOUGHT ALOUD:

I'VE DONE MY  
BEST BUT I CAN'T  
MAKE HER  
LOOK GLAMOROUS  
WITH THAT  
BLOTCHY  
SKIN.



Make a permanent appointment with "soph"!  
Get rid of skin faults with

**Rexona**  
MEDICATED SOAP



YOU'VE MADE  
ME SO HAPPY,  
JOY DARLING!

THINKS:  
I'D NEVER  
HAVE HAD  
SUCH A  
MARVELLOUS  
TIME IF  
REXONA  
HADN'T HELPED  
MY SKIN



**THAT PRECIOUS** skin of yours! So easy to keep it youthful, free of tiny blemishes with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona's medication is made specially to freshen a sluggish complexion, to cleanse pores of embedded dust and grease. Try it yourself. When you see how much Rexona helps, you'll never go back to other soaps.

**REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CARVYL** an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Clove, Clove, Tarabanth, and Bergamot—all recognized valuable Skin Medicaments.

X 36-38

### FAY LORRAINE MORGAN Her Record

Born ... January 1, 1944  
Birth weight ... 7lb. 3oz.  
Weight at 5 months ... 14lb. 8oz.  
Length at birth ... 21 inches  
Length at 5 months ... 25 inches

Fay's activities are noticeably increasing. She makes big attempts to sit up by herself, but her mother wisely does not encourage her to do this just yet. She is a happy little soul, and responds eagerly to her mother's voice, and does not want to miss much that is happening in the big world about her.

### WHEN CHILDREN ARE ILL

NURSING HINTS BY  
SISTER MARY JACOB

**THE** infectious diseases of early childhood are more or less always with us, and no family where there is a child of school-going age is likely to have entire immunity when these epidemics occur.

It is now possible to give immunity against some of these diseases, and every mother should safeguard her children by immunisation. If the trouble is not actually eliminated, the disease runs a milder course.

Every mother should have some simple knowledge of the signs and symptoms and of the nursing treatment of these infectious fevers of childhood.

A leaflet describing some of these and outlining simple treatments has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Will Newcastle readers please note:

Sister Mary Jacob, of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, will be guest speaker at the annual meeting of the Newcastle branch of the Truby King Mothercraft Society to be held at the Town Hall (reception room) on Wednesday, August 2, at 2.30 p.m.

The local committee, which has just completed a very successful year, hopes to get the public interest and raise enough funds to open a "Mothercraft Home." Many more of these homes for young mothers just out of hospital and for difficult babies are needed in every big community.

**"BOND STREET"**

COMPLEXION POWDER

by  
**Yardley**  
OF LONDON

Women who, before the war, delighted in the supreme elegance of "Bond Street" perfume will be overjoyed to know that this sophisticated fragrance still scents the mist-blown fineness of Yardley "Bond Street" Complexion Powder.



In a range of six enchanting shades, this exquisite powder smooths on as lightly as a caress, to keep you beautiful through busy hours. At all fine stores and chemist shops, 4/4 a box.

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH YARDLEY

GY-18-44





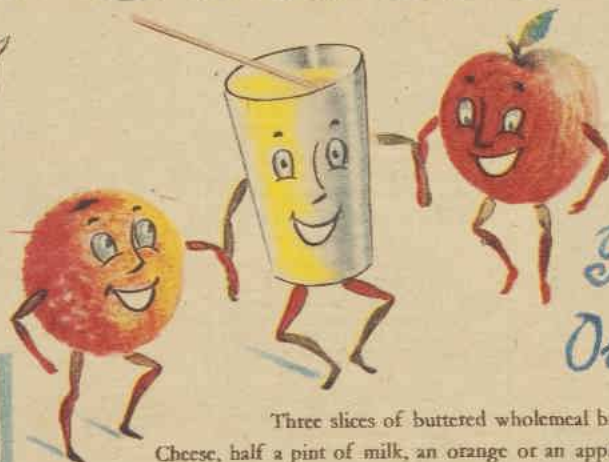
There is a lunch that's good for me  
I think with me you'll all agree,  
At dinner-time I love to munch  
The energising Oslo Lunch.  
Our sandwiches of egg and cheese  
And other good varieties.  
There's our fruit and milk as well,  
Healthier than one can tell.  
The Oslo Lunch is best for you.  
I'm sure you'll believe it's true.  
Shirley Loftus.  
(10 years)



# Shirley loves her OSLO LUNCH



Ten year old Shirley Loftus enjoys her Oslo Lunch so much that she wrote us this little poem about it. Bright eyed, rosy checked, Shirley is a pupil at the Camperdown School, Sydney, where Headmaster, Mr. H. Thompson, is a pioneer of the Oslo Lunch in N.S.W.



This is the  
Oslo Lunch

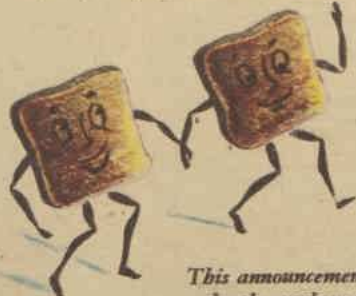


Shirley's Mother, Mrs. E. Loftus, says: "I've noticed a big difference in Shirley since she started to have the Oslo Lunch." And when Daddy comes marching home with our boys from up North, he's going to be very pleased to see how well and sturdy his little girl looks.

Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread with 1-oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, half a pint of milk, an orange or an apple or serving of salad ingredients such as lettuce, tomato, celery, shredded raw carrot or cabbage.

The Oslo Lunch is a wonderful health safeguard because it had been designed specially to provide a good daily quota of the "Protective" food elements, the minerals and vitamins which we all need every day for good health and vitality. The best way to make sure your family gets sufficient of these important food factors is by giving them the Oslo Lunch regularly.

Easy to prepare. No cooking. You can pack it in a few minutes for those school lunch boxes. For the war workers in the family, too.



This announcement is brought to you  
by the makers of Kraft Cheese.







IT'S been said before, but it bears repeating, that shortages are a challenge to good cookery.

It's the little dishes that give finish to a menu... the bowl of fragrant soup, the piping hot au gratin on the salad menu, the taste of hot fish, the vegetable entree, the last-course savory tit-bit.

These are meal-morale builders. They need cost little, but call on the culinary skill to the nth degree.

This cookery involves the clever use of odds and ends, of leftovers, of little special purchases for important occasions. It calls for a knowledge of sauce making with its infinite range of variations, of the magic of herbs, and for initiative in the blending of seasonings and exquisite finish in service.

#### EGGS BENEDICT

Four eggs, 4 slices Devon sausage, a little mixed mustard or hot chutney, chopped chives or parsley, pepper and salt, 4 slices hot toast.

Make the toast and spread with butter or substitute; place slice of sausage on each piece, and spread with mustard or chutney, and keep hot. Poach eggs lightly, lift each egg on to prepared piece of toast. Season and sprinkle with chives or parsley. Serve hot and freshly prepared.

#### CASSOLETTES OF CREAMED BRAINS

One dozen small, crisp, open pastry cases, 2 sets lambs' brains, 1 cup white sauce of medium thickness, 2 tablespoons chopped capicums or mushrooms or bacon, garnish of chopped parsley or parsley sprigs.

Wash and blanch brains in boiling water, rinse, cover with hot salted water, and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Drain and chop and combine with white sauce, chopped capicum (cooked for 5 minutes before chopping), or sautéed chopped mushrooms or crisp chopped bacon. Season to taste and heat thoroughly. Spoon very hot mixture into hot pastry cases; garnish with chopped parsley or parsley sprigs.

## Little hot savories

● So chic for luncheon, soignée for the dinner menu, recherche for supper—in short, exquisite appetite provokers that do wonders with present-day supplies.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**  
Food and Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's Weekly

#### EGGS JUANITA

Four eggs, 2 tomatoes, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon margarine, beef dripping or bacon dripping, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon raisins or sultanas, pinch dried sage, pepper and salt, freshly chopped parsley.

Boil eggs for ten minutes, rinse in cold water, shell and halve. Arrange in four small hot dishes. Slice onion to wafer thickness and cook in hot fat in lidded pan, shaking well. Add skinned, sliced tomatoes, and cook until soft, adding 1 tablespoon water if necessary. Add curry powder, raisins, sage, and pepper and salt to taste. Spoon this very hot mixture over eggs. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve very hot with toast fingers. For four.

#### LITTLE FISH FLAPJACKS

Two tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 cup flaked cooked fish, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, milk, pepper and salt.

Sift flour and add the beaten eggs, fish, lemon, parsley, fat, and mix to a smooth batter of drop consistency with milk. Cook in spoonfuls on hot greased griddle or frying pan, turning to brown. Serve hot and freshly made, with lemon and, if procurable, little crisp rashers of bacon.

#### SWISS SUPPER POTATOES

One pound new potatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon marjoram, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives or spring onions, salt and pepper.

Scrub the potatoes and cook, in jackets, fairly briskly in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, add butter or substitute, cheese, marjoram and chives, and season well with pepper and lightly again with salt.

Cover and shake for a minute over heat until jackets split. Serve very hot as supper dish.

#### SPAGHETTI BRAZILERO

Four ounces spaghetti, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup grated cheese, pepper and salt, 1 teaspoon or to taste of herbs (marjoram, thyme, basil), 1 tablespoon or to taste of chopped chives or shallots, 1 lb. mushrooms (or more), diced kidneys and chickens' livers cooked in a smooth brown sauce, measuring altogether about 1 cup.

Cook the spaghetti in fast-boiling, salted water about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Drain well, and add butter or substitute, cheese, herbs, and chives. Season to taste. Spoon the very hot kidney or liver into hot individual service dishes, top with spaghetti and garnish with peeled and sautéed mushrooms. Serve very hot.

#### CAULIFLOWER SOHO

About 2 cups cooked cauliflower, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons chopped capicum or mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Place hot cauliflower sprigs in service dish and keep hot. Heat butter, stir in flour; when a pale brown color stir in stock or water. Stir well until boiling. Add onion, sauce, chopped capicum or mushrooms, and cook gently for 5 minutes. Season to taste. Pour over hot cooked cauliflower and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

#### FILLETS JOSEPHINE

Four fillets of whiting, 1 lemon, pepper and salt, 1 lb. button mushrooms, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 egg, parsley, 4 slices tomato.

Rub carefully boned fillets with cut lemon and season with pepper and salt. Roll and place in oven-proof dish with the peeled mushrooms, and 2 or 3 tablespoons milk or water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) until tender, white, and flaky, 10 to 15 minutes. Drain liquid into milk for sauce. Thicken milk with blended flour. Add butter and beaten egg, and season. Cook without boiling until smooth and thick. Mask fillets and mushrooms in hot service dish or individual dishes with sauce, garnish with hot tomato and parsley.

#### KIDNEYS DIABLO

Six to eight lambs' kidneys, 1 tablespoon butter, margarine or bacon fat, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons tomato chutney, 1 teaspoon freshly chopped basil, marjoram or mint, 1 cup sherry, stock or water, pepper and salt, cress or parsley for garnish, hot buttered toast or hot pastry cases.

Wash the kidneys and cut into small pieces. Brown the onion in the fat, and add the meat. Add seasoning of salt, pepper, herbs, and chutney. Add the liquid and simmer very gently for 7 minutes. Serve very hot, garnished with parsley or cress, with hot toast or in hot pastry cases.

#### VENETIAN POTATO SALAD

One and half cups hot diced potato, 2 sets lambs' brains (quartered, blanched, crumbed, and fried), 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons salad oil (or use 2 egg-yolks with 1 tablespoon water), 1 dessertspoon freshly chopped herbs, such as marjoram or mint, 1 small piece of clove garlic, pepper and salt.

Combine vinegar, oil, herbs, and pepper and salt, shake well, stand for 15 minutes, shake and strain. Rub hot individual service dishes with cut garlic. Combine hot potato and brains. Place in service dish, top with dressing, and serve. Try this salad, too, with the addition of hot sliced green beans or cauliflower sprigs.

**Ever see a wash as bright as this?**

That's RINSO for you. I didn't need to scrub at all!

YOU WERE RIGHT. RINSO'S SUDS ARE WONDERFUL. TO THINK I'VE BEEN SO OLD-FASHIONED AS TO USE BAR SOAPS ALL THESE YEARS.

AND ISN'T IT A TREAT TO FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY AND YET HAVE THE BRIGHTEST WASH EVER?

**LATER**

YOUR SHIRTS HAVE A BRAND-NEW LOOK THIS WEEK. I WASHED THEM IN SPEEDY RINSO SUDS.

THEY LOOK SWELL AND I BET THEY'LL LAST LONGER, NOW YOU DON'T SCRUB THE DIRT OUT.



## ALL MEN "GO FOR" A CLEAR FRESH SKIN

★  
GOOD HEALTH  
BRINGS IT  
THIS SIMPLE  
HOME WAY...



Thousands of instances bear witness that correct health habits bring to their train the thrilling loveliness of a radiantly clear skin, compelling personality and bright, clear eyes. To-day more people realise this than ever before, and turn with increasing confidence to R.U.R.

R.U.R. gently removes poisons and wastes from the system. Constipation goes, functional liver and kidney troubles clear away, and with them the pimples and blotches which make life a misery and embarrassment. Try R.U.R. yourself if your skin has been giving you trouble. Get it from your chemist or store, or send 4/- for the small size or 7/- for the double size to R.U.R., 841 George Street, Sydney.

## R\*U\*R ECZEMA and Old Sores

Painful irritation of Eczema, and long-lived sores that just won't go, should be treated with the deep-penetrating, cleansing, and healing action of Flexibar Ointment. It's fine, too, for Chillsains. Made to a new formula, with several active ingredients, this unusual ointment contains also U-tree oil (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful anti-septic germicide).

It works into the under-skin tissue—penetrates fast into the sore infection, and rapidly starts helping to clear up even stubborn Eczema and other skin sores.

## FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. For generous FREE SAMPLE, write to "Flexibar," 375 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

# Hot sweets for cold days...

● These prizewinning recipes will win the applause of all mothers of growing families.

**FIRST** prize, served straight from the oven, is an appetite satisfier second to none.

If this hot scone-loaf is topped in baking with apple puree, try a spoonful of golden syrup as further topping before serving. If rhubarb, add grated orange or lemon rind to scone mixture.

### STEWED FRUIT PIE

**Scone Mixture:** Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons milk powder, 1oz. (or less) butter or substitute, cold water. **Fruit:** Two or three cups stewed and sweetened fruit pulp, such as apple, rhubarb, quince.

Sift flour, salt, add milk. Rub in fat and mix to soft dough with water. Knead lightly and press to 1 to 2-inch thickness. Place on oven dish such as sandwich-tin. Pour hot fruit on top and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot in wedges. For four to six serves.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Ian Faulkner, 184 Hovell St., Coolamundra, N.S.W.**

### LEMON DOUGHBOYS

**For Dough:** Grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 large tablespoon grated suet, little water. **For Liquid:** Juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup water.

Combine lemon rind, flour, and suet, and mix to a fairly dry dough with water. Shape into five or six balls. Combine liquid ingredients and bring to the boil. Drop in the lemon doughboys, bring to boiling



**DISGUISE TASTE** of dripping in patty cakes by generous use of flavorings. Lemon juice counteracts the fatty flavor and grated rind imparts fragrance to the cakes.

point, cover tightly, and cook gently for 20 minutes. Serve at once.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. L. Wilkinson, 2 Ilecton St., Barwood, N.S.W.**

### BERSHIRE APPLES

**Pastry:** Four ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, 3oz. good dripping, squeeze of lemon, water. **Filling:** About 4 tablespoons chopped apples, 2 tablespoons currants, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon chopped candied lemon peel.

Make a short pastry by sifting flour, rubbing in dripping, and mixing to a dry dough with water and squeeze of lemon. Roll out thinly and cut into oblong pieces about 3in. by 2in. Spread with combined filling ingredients, roll up and pinch join along top. Pull out one end to make tall and other end to make head, making eyes and mouth of currants. Bake in hot oven until crisp and brown, about 15 minutes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 61 Kidley Grove, Woodville North, S.A.**

### GOLDEN TURNOVERS

**Two cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, water, jam or fruit puree.**

Rub dripping into flour and salt

until mealy. Add enough cold water to mix to a fairly dry dough. Roll out thinly and cut into squares. Moisten edges of each square, spread jam or fruit puree in centre, and fold over moist edges, pinching them together well. Fry in deep, fuming fat until crisp and brown. Drain on crumpled paper, sprinkle with sugar, and serve hot and freshly made.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Stegert, Sharon, via Bundaberg, Qld.**

### ORANGE SHORTCAKE

(This recipe won first prize for Mrs. Westwood, of Bondi, N.S.W., last week.)

**Half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 heaped cup self-raising flour, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, little marmalade.**

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg, sift in dry ingredients, add rind and enough juice to make into stiff dough, divide mixture into two parts, pat one half to fit bottom of a greased sandwich tin, spread with marmalade, keeping from sides of tin, pat other part likewise, binding edges with a knife dipped in flour. Mark into wedge shapes. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. May be eaten plain or iced. Suitable for luncheon, tea, or dinner sweet.

## What to do about flu

● Go to bed immediately. Don't spread infection. Drink fruit juices and plenty of water.

### By MEDICO

I WAS called to the Allison home this morning, and found the man of the house in bed with a high temperature, headache, bodily pains, and a dry cough.

It was the old, old story. He thought it was "only a cold." He had some appointments he thought he should keep. He took a tablet every three hours for two days to keep going, until that morning when he found he was really too ill to get out of bed.

He's a sick man now, and it will be at least three weeks before he's fit to work. He would have been only a few days off work if he had gone to bed at the first shiver and ache.

Worse still, he had spread the infection to his staff, to others he had coughed, sneezed, and talked over.

There is no known drug which will arrest or control either colds or influenza. The cure is "home defence," and it's a full-time job for the body. Going to bed early gives the body its best chance.

If one goes to bed at the early stage, what factors are going to decide the severity of the illness? First of all, an attack of flu gives only a short immunity from another attack. Also, influenza is a broad term and covers many types of infection with different sorts of virus. Infection with one type of virus might not give even a short immunity against another type.

As I told Ben Allison, influenza, like any other infection, is a war. All wars are decided by which side is the stronger. With an infection it is a war between the body and the virus. If the body has had too many late nights, not enough of the good

foundation foods that we now know build resistance, too much alcohol, or not enough healthy exercise, the body will not be fit to fight.

The more rapidly a virus passes from one nose to another, the more "lively" it will become, and thus the infection will tend to be more severe.

When flu threatens, go to bed at the earliest sign, and drink fruit juices and plenty of water.

There is a greatly increased bodily need for Vitamin C when the temperature is raised. This means that the juice of six medium-sized oranges or lemons should be taken daily.

The raised temperature is part of the body's defences. Reducing the temperature doesn't cure the disease, but interferes with nature's defences and in that way prolongs the disease. In many infections to-day treatment is directed toward raising the temperature by artificial means.

There is danger in excessive perspiration, and there is no basis for the advice to "sweat it out."



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



Yes, it's a sound scheme!

Maclean's Tooth Paste is thoroughly cleansing and has a most refreshing flavour. You may have difficulty in buying your normal supplies of Maclean's, because of service requirements. So make your tube go as far as possible... only a little is required to make and keep your teeth sparkling white.

1/1½ and 1/7½ per tube

## MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE

"British to the teeth"



If you have ever been in the tropical latitude you'll understand why our troops are using so much "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. They have found that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ends "Dry Scalp" and keeps hair in a clean, healthy condition. Of course, when you find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic difficult to buy, you will appreciate why.

## Vaseline

HAIR TONIC  
Ends Dry Scalp



## 10 minutes From Wish to Dish

Ask your Grocer for Smorgon's Steak and Kidney Pudding, Frankfurts, Sausages, Lamb Tongues, Camp Pie, and Meat Galantine.

## Smorgon's CHELSEA

## MEAT DISHES

IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORCON'S



## CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

famous FOOD PRODUCTS  
CONDIMENTS & DELICACIES  
are coming...

**WITH VICTORY**

A BRAND WORTH REMEMBERING!

THE FAMOUS BRITISH GUARANTEED

## Sundek Fabric

SMARTER FOR SPORTSWEAR, STREETWEAR AND UNIFORMS





# Lasting Loveliness

and Paul Duval preparations go hand in hand. Beauty—the beauty of a clear fresh skin and a harmonising complexion—can be created and maintained with just a little care and the right cosmetics. Begin with a fine, clingy Powder Base . . . Paul Duval Almond Base for oily skins, Rose Base for dry, then pat on the famous Duval silk-sifted powder for that lasting velvety texture. Finish with a film of toning Lipstick—finely textured, and protective, especially good in cold, chapping winds. This beauty routine takes a very few minutes every morning, and will last through the day. Always use Paul Duval preparations in conjunction with each other for the most flattering results.

*paul Duval*

PAUL DUVAL (AUST.) PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY

**Personalised Cosmetics.**



## CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE



Enjoy that foot-tlinging rhythm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits.

Play the

## Banjo Mandolin

or  
\* Steel Guitar  
\* Piano Accordion  
\* Spanish Guitar  
\* Banjo Ukelele  
\* Button Accordion  
\* Clarinet  
\* Mouth Organ  
\* Saxophone  
\* Piano  
\* Violin

LEARN AT  
HOME  
for  
**2/6**  
Weekly.

Signed Money Back Guarantee

through a  
SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE.

No need to be clever—no scales or exercises—beginners same success as players. Pay for your lessons weekly. If you're disappointed it costs you nothing. A wonderful range of imported instruments to choose from.

Small deposits and weekly payments to any part of Australia. ALL FREIGHT IS PAID. Write for your FREE CATALOGUE and details of lessons. Mention the instrument you favour.

Sampson's, Dept. B, 481 Kent Street, Box 1184X, G.P.O., Sydney.

## WANTED!

100 used Guitars and Banjo-Mandolins. Get up to £10 cash for your old instrument. Any condition—anywhere. We also give up to £40 for Piano Accordion and Saxophones. Write for free valuation to the above address.

## SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6 stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to  
DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE,  
271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. 96822.

# De Witt's Pills

## A GREAT HELP FOR BACKACHE

Backache is often a sign of kidney trouble—heed the danger sign—cleans and strengthen sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills, the trusted formula for prompt and sure relief.

Full directions with each bottle.

PRICES:  
1/9, 3/6, 5/9.



## De Witt's KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS



## NO NEED TO WEAR GLASSES... if you suffer from

SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM, FAULING SIGHT, SQUINT, TURNED EYES, STRAIN, TIRED EYES, EYE HEADACHES, or any other eye weakness (except Diabetic Eyes), you owe it to yourself to investigate Ferguson Eyesight Training, which treats the cause and not the effect of these eye troubles.

Men, women and children of all ages from 5 to 75 have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include ladies about to enter the Air Force, Sailors, and Soldiers, Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, men, women and children from all ranks and conditions of life, and all callings. No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "that's me!" call or write (enclosing 2/6d. stamp for postage) for full information and my Free Booklet "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (consultation is free), to Ferguson Eyesight Training, 8th Floor, Manchester Unity Building, 18A Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA5455.

## DELICIOUSLY

Kay tucked down again into the soft comfort of her bed, trying to enjoy as much as she could of the unaccustomed luxury. She dozed for an hour or so, and the murmuring coo of the doves woke her up again. . . . one was running up and down her window-sill with its busy little walk.

She rose and bathed and dressed, and went down into the long, red-tiled kitchen where everyone had breakfast together.

It was a long, lovely day, full of interest, full of new things—Kay had never spent such a day in her life before.

She found as soon as breakfast was over that there was so much to do that she could not be idle for a moment, that she was too occupied, and that the day was passing too quickly for her really to miss Andy, or to worry about Martin.

She took the children down to the beach in the sunshine. Gerda brought their tea down, and they had a picnic in the sunny, sheltered cove, and afterwards they pushed the baby in his little push-chair up the sloping cliff path, back across the fields to the farm.

It all had an unutterable charm for Kay, ending in carrying the tired, sun-browned children up to the bathroom, and knowing for the first time in her life the pleasure that the smooth, wet childish limbs, and clear, grave, questioning eyes can bring.

Kay had never known anything like this—her only glimpses of home life had been on the brief leaves that she had spent at Roma's. Her life had always been spent in boarding schools, and afterwards in hostels. Her flat had merely been the shell of a business woman, as impersonal as a hotel room.

The two girls had dinner together. It was pleasant, and she and Gerda were happy enough talking quietly together, but Kay found herself listening for Andy, telling herself absurdly not to worry, that it was foolish to expect him—that he probably would not be back until the following morning.

# Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 7

At eight o'clock Gerda said: "Andy isn't here yet. There is another train at half-past nine, but I don't expect he will be on that. It's very slow. I should think he will stay in town overnight, and come back first thing in the morning. Perhaps he will telephone."

Kay glanced up at her. They were in the drawing-room now. The long, lovely paneled room with deep window seats and soft amber colored brocade seemed incomplete. She knew what it was. It lacked the dark figure at the piano, and the surging beauty of the music.

Gerda met her eyes and smiled, and Kay said quickly: "One misses Andy playing, somehow."

"I know. My father used to play—not so well as Andy, but very well for an amateur. My husband, too. When they all went away and I was left here alone I could not stand it at first. I can't explain what it was like to be in this room at twilight, and no one playing. I'm getting used to it a little now."

"Yes," Kay went to the window, and looked out at the walled garden. She could not see the road, and, although she knew it was unlikely that Andy would cycle along it towards the farm to-night, she was longing to unlash the gate in the wall, and look towards the village.

She said suddenly: "I think I'll go out for a while. I'll be back before it gets dark."

"All right, Kay—keep to the roads, and don't be too late."

Kay went out through the long windows, and crossed the garden, lifted the latch and stepped out into the road. The station car passed and went on up the road, stopped out of sight, and came back again, and she remembered the man who looked like Curtis, and dismissed the incident as sheer imagination. She would walk up to the cliff top, look out over the sea, and be back again before dark.

The cottage folk were leaning over their gates, talking, watching the occasional waggon or car that went past along the road. Some of the men worked at Mayne's and nodded to her as she passed, swinging along so lightly, her bronze hair lifting from her clear face.

She felt happy walking along through the cool evening air. "I should like to live here," Kay thought. "I should like to live in this sort of place. I like the way everyone knows each other. A lot of people would hate that, but I like it. I'm tired of the impersonal life—I've never known anything else."

She turned the corner, out of sight of the cottages, and went along the straight lonely road that led to the cove, and then up to the cliff top. As she turned the corner she saw Martin, standing in the deep grass by the side of the road—waiting for her.

For a moment her heart seemed to stop with shock. How had he come? By the eight o'clock train and the hired car that had just passed, she supposed. But why had he come? Something must have happened—he must be in trouble. She knew that. He only ever came to her when he was in trouble.

She had stopped, and then she walked on slowly, until she was level with him, and was horrified by what she saw.

He had altered in these months since she had left him, but he had changed terribly since last night. The fear that had been hidden was written plainly on his exhausted face. He had a whipped, frightened look. His face was white, his suit, usually so immaculate, was creased—he wore exactly the same clothes he had worn the night before, and looked as though he had slept in them.

He snatched off his soft hat and came forward, and his attitude was so much that of a beggar that she could not bear it. Her voice was harsh and angry as she said: "What is it, Martin? Why have you followed me here?"

"I did not know what else to do, Kay," he paused, and stumbled on, his cheeks burning suddenly.

"Don't look at me like that. I know you despise me. I know I'm hopeless, a fool and a weakling. . . ."

"Please, Martin, don't speak like that. It doesn't help. I only want to know why you have come. You wouldn't have come to me unless you needed something, you never have. You know I will help if I can. Tell me what it is."

"It's the finish. The police are after Magda—the flat is being watched. I can't be mixed up with this, Kay—it will be the end of the show, everything."

She said practically: "What did you do about the show—have you put her understudy on?"

"I just came away—heaven knows what they will do when she doesn't turn up."

"That wasn't very helpful."

"I couldn't face it—I can't be implicated."

"It depends how much you are mixed up in it already, Martin. It's gone pretty far—as far as murder, I think. You have been so close to Magda for a year now, I find it very hard to believe you know nothing of her life before she came to England. . . . or what she has been doing since she came here."

He said hoarsely: "Kay, I just can't go on any longer. I haven't eaten since yesterday. If only I could just rest for to-night, to-morrow I could decide what to do. I just can't go on."

She looked at him closely, unable to control the suspicion that went through her. He was so close to Magda, as she had said. She would never really believe in him or trust him again. Yet it was obvious that he was exhausted. His very flesh seemed to have shrunk.

She said abruptly, realising that if he knew anything it would be no use trying to get it out of him until he had eaten and rested: "Look here, go straight on up the road to the cliff top, and wait for me there. There is a place up there where you could stay for a while. No one will see you. I'll see if I can get you something to eat."

"Can you get me a drink, too, Kay? I'd be all right if you could get me a drink."

"All right," she said. "You go on. I'll be with you."

She set off in the direction of the farm, going back another way, through the fields and the orchard.

## MARTIN

watched her for a moment. The irresolute, confused expression had gone from his eyes, although there was no doubt about his exhaustion. His expression as he watched her was the sly, calculating expression of a weak man who has gambled heavily beyond his means, and stakes everything on a final throw. Presently he turned and began to walk slowly up toward the cliffs.

Kay hated what she was doing, but comforted herself with the thought that the minute Andy was back she could tell him exactly what had happened. She went through the kitchen garden to the back door, and tried it gently. It was open.

Comments on old Rose were part and parcel of family life at Mayne's, for the old lady was autocratic and inclined to be domineering. Her ways were often the subject of affectionate jokes.

Kay knew that every evening after dinner she would pop along the street to the little white village inn which her brother kept, and stay there in the bar parlor until ten, listening to the news, chatting over village scandal, and having her one drink of the day. The kitchen would be empty now.

As she let herself quietly into the kitchen Kay was glad the dogs knew her now, and only raised friendly and inquisitive muzzles before dropping off to sleep before the glowing kitchen range again.

If only she could get Martin up to the disused cottage, she might get him to talk. Anything he said might fit into the bits of jigsaw that she and Andy had collected.

She went quietly through the big kitchen into the pantry. There was not much she could take without it being noticed. There were some slices of bread and butter left from the children's tea. She took some of these and a small amount of home-made cream cheese, then opened the cellar door, taking a small quarter bottle of whisky from one of the shelves.

She put her stores into the wide pockets of her jacket, carefully closed the door after her, and set off across the fields again. A large purple cloud was rising slowly from the smooth blue sea.

Please turn to page 37



## Skin Deep

ALL-PURPOSE SKIN CREAM

This Advertisement will catch the eager eye of thousands of women who have learned to love the caressing touch of this irreplaceable beauty care, with its soothing magic for dry and tired skin.

\* The makers announce with great regret, however, that rather than alter the unique quality of Skin Deep, manufacture has been temporarily discontinued under war conditions.



J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD.  
LONDON & SYDNEY

A.15.32

## Relief from INDIGESTION



## Here's the Simple Way to Quick Relief!

Take Hardy's—and forget painful indigestion and stomach troubles. No dieting. Eat what you like, and like what you eat. Hardy's brings wonderful relief to sufferers of agonising indigestion and stomach pains. Buy a tin to-day.

## HARDY'S INDIGESTION and Ulcerated Stomach POWDER

SOLD BY CHEMISTS  
AND STORES EVERYWHERE  
PRICE 2/9 A JAR

Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.

## USE this Medicinal Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thoroughly antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful happiness.

## Cuticura SOAP

ONE OF A FAMOUS TRIO—  
CUTICURA  
SOAP, OINTMENT, TALCUM



# Adelyn WINTER FROCKS



## First Favorites!

Style No. 513/108

The "Adelyn" winter frocks and coats are first favorites this winter season. Only the finest materials are used, and workmanship, finish, cut and design are the work of experts.

The "Adelyn" style above is a tailored style in lightweight material with close fitting neckline, and buttoned to the waist. Available in an excellent range of spotted pastel tonings in sizes X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W. and W. Make certain that you

Always look for this label

# Adelyn

## STOP THAT RASPING COUGH



Bring quick relief to colds, bronchitis, sore throats.

As soon as you take MOUNTAIN MIXTURE its triple compound of eucalyptus, peppermint and thymus gets to work. It brings rapid, soothing relief from the hacking cough that leaves you breathless, and makes your throat raspy and raw. Soon breathing eases, phlegm breaks and your cold begins to go. Get in touch with MOUNTAIN MIXTURE'S warming relief right away. Buy a bottle to-day under a guarantee of money back unless your cold begins to clear and that hacking cough is soothed at once.

SOOTHES  
DEEP  
DOWN

**Mountain** Mixture

# VIM

cleans pots and pans quickly—

NEVER SCRATCHES

A LEVER PRODUCT

7,107,316

## KEEP YOUNG!

• Don't tolerate a double chin, a thick or creased neckline, heavy jawline . . . So ageing. Snatch a few minutes from the daily round for neck exercises, massage, and chin-slapping.



JUST ON 50, but look at her chinline—Fay Holden, MGM player. Plenty of cream, jaw and neck patting, plus exercise, do the trick.



TO KEEP your chin firm and lovely, or banish a double chin, copy Ida Lupino, of Warner Bros. Cream under chin well, slap with back of hands.



FOR NECK AND CHIN BEAUTY: Turn head side to side as shown by Louise Allbritton, of Universal, then up and down. Stretch the muscles. Rolling the head also good. Repeat 12 to 20 times daily.



## A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

## Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

## Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 36

"She wouldn't tell me. She never told me anything. I was worried and confused, and I haven't been well lately . . ."

She said gravely: "Martin—you're lying. It's my belief you're up to your neck in this. It would be safer and more sensible if you told the truth. You're just playing for time, hoping to shift the responsibility and guilt. You can't. It's too important. It would be better to tell the police all you know."

"And be shot for my pains?" he asked bitterly.

Kay went white. All the suspicions and peculiar incidents crystallised into one conviction of horror and guilt. She said slowly: "So we are right. She is working for the enemy! And where does Arnheim come into this? Has he the evidence that would convict her beyond doubt? Has she told you she was married to him?"

There was a brilliant blue flash, for a moment lighting the little dark room—she saw Martin's face watching her—a long roll of thunder, and the heavy rain was drumming on the hard ground outside. The one smoky candle flickered and she was suddenly frightened. She saw him again, raising his arms above his head as he stood silhouetted against the lurid sky.

Had he, as she had momentarily thought, been going to destroy himself? Or was he signalling to someone—someone standing in the hotel gardens, or on the beach below? Signalling to Curtis?

She said quickly, "It's getting late. They will miss me. I must go."

He rose to his feet, and came to her side, his voice low and urgent. "Kay—you can't go like this. You'll be drowned. They will think you have taken shelter somewhere."

"I must go."

He barred her way to the entrance, his face was white and desperate and his eyes glittered feverishly.

"Kay—listen. You used to love me once. Help me now. What does it matter to you what becomes of Magda? Any harm she has done in this country has already been done. It cannot be obliterated now. You know where Arnheim is—tell me. It is the difference between life and death to her."

She thought with a shiver of Major Jack, and the death he met in the London street. Life and death—to Magda? It probably meant life and death to Arnheim, too. If they knew where he was they wouldn't let him live with the knowledge he possessed.

"That's why you came? To try and find out for her? Where is she waiting to hear the result of your efforts?"

The storm in her voice lashed him, but he persisted. "Kay, if Arnheim tells what he knows of Magda, her life won't be worth a penny. What does it matter now if she gets away? Kay, tell me where he is?"

"So they can murder him as they did the other man? Her hus-

band, whom she loves so much, for whom she has waited so long." The bitter sarcasm in her voice was like the edge of a knife. "Why should he give her away?"

"Once she sent him to his death—heaven knows how he got away. She is merciless in some ways, but she has given me a chance of reprieve. I think perhaps of all of them, I am the only one she cares for. No one need know you helped us. We could get away, Magda and I, to Spain or Portugal—we would have a chance of happiness there. You can save me, Kay, and once you loved me. Tell me—where is Arnheim?"

Please turn to page 39.

## Have a "Coke" =Welcome, Friends



## ...or how to get along in Alaska— or Alice Springs

The American soldier in Alaska meets up with a hundred little things that remind him of home. One of them is Coca-Cola. Have a "Coke," says he, and it clicks in the Yukon as it does in Yass or Yerrinbool, Australia. From pole to pole, Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes—has become the high-sign between kindly-minded strangers.



"Coke"—Coca-Cola. It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke."

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, U.S.A.  
(Liability Limited)  
SYDNEY



# Somebody Stole My Gal!



EVERY TIME I FALL FOR A GIRL - SOME OTHER BLOKE CUTS ME OUT!

HARD LUCK, TED - BUT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW, THAT GIRLS ARE FUSSY!

JUST WHAT I SAID! IT'S NO MILITARY SECRET THAT YOUR BREATH COULD STAND IMPROVEMENT! HOP BACK TO CAMP & SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT IT!

MEANING WHAT?



## TED REPORTS TO HIS DENTIST!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM... SCIENTIFIC TESTS HAVE PROVED THAT, IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!



...YOU SEE, LADDIE, THAT ACTIVE PENETRATING COLGATE FOAM GETS RIGHT INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH AND GETS RID OF THOSE ACID DEPOSITS & FOOD PARTICLES THAT CAUSE DECAY & BAD BREATH!



## LATER - THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!

STEAL YOUR GIRL FOR THIS DANCE, TED?

NO FEAR! NOBODY STEALS THIS GIRL! I'VE JUST SIGNED HER UP FOR LIFE!



-AND COLGATE'S CERTAINLY DOES A GOOD JOB OF CLEANING & POLISHING TEETH TOO!



LARGE  $1\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{2}$  SIZE  
GIANT  $2\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{2}$  SIZE  
twice as much as  $1\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{2}$  size

5/753

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



# Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 37

**I DON'T KNOW.** Kay said coldly, with a calmness she was far from feeling. Fear kept rising within her. The idea of obtaining help was fantastic. Of going into the village and trying to explain this riddle to the village constable.

"If I knew I wouldn't tell you. I'm unarmed—I can't do anything to hold you here, but I'm going now, and I'm going straight to the police. You have information that is dangerous to the country. I was a fool ever to trust you. I thought you needed me." Her voice was full of mocking self-scorn. "You need me all right. To make myself a traitor to save your precious hide."

He said queerly: "You can't go, Kay."

She swung round. "Try to stop me," she said, "try. You might. But it will be difficult."

He did not move toward her. "Kay, I'm only trying to help you. I need not have come. But Curtis is already here. . . . and Curtis will not hesitate to make you tell him what you know. Kay, my dear, we are both in this. I can help you—you can help me. We've been through some tough times together before. You have a chance of happiness, and so have I."

"It doesn't matter now, you see. Why can't I make you understand that any harm that has been done is done and finished."

"Not so long as she is free. There are other countries where she can work, and plenty of men foolish enough to love that kind of woman."

"You always hated her—you were always jealous of her."

Kay's eyes were cold with dislike and anger. "Once—yes. I still hate her, but there's no jealousy any more, Martin. Not of a woman who makes a business of sending men to their death."

She turned toward the door. Martin did not move. The rain had slackened to a soft whisper—she paused. Plainly above the gentle sound she could hear someone coming toward the cottage.

someone pushing through the wet undergrowth, slowly, someone who paused in the dusk outside, as though waiting for a signal.

She looked across at Martin, his white, weak face, stripped of all its attraction, showing an odd mixture of triumph and fear.

"That's Curtis," he said.

Kay stood quite still, listening, fascinated. For a moment the only sounds that could be heard were the soft, insistent pattering of the dying storm, and the slow pounding of her own heart. Then the footsteps could be heard again, making their way slowly, with the uncertainty of one not quite sure of the ground, toward the cottage.

Life came back to her nerveless limbs, and she darted forward.

She reached the door, stumbled over the doorstep into the wet gloom outside, then, as she straightened up, something small, and hard, and round was jerked into her ribs.

She knew what it was—she stood as though she were turned to stone, and then found that her hands were automatically creeping upwards above her head.

Curtis was so near she could feel his breath on her neck.

She heard him say quietly in the familiar expressionless voice: "Get back in there," and saw the jerk of his head against the darkening sky. She turned obediently and went back into the musty little room.

He followed her in. Martin had not moved. He stood watching, white-faced, his mouth a little black. She could not bear to look at him.

"All right," Curtis said, "get over there."

She obeyed the jerk of his head again, like a mechanical toy, standing obediently against the dusty wall below the trapdoor. Martin stood by the table, Curtis between her and the door which he had carefully lifted on its broken hinges, and closed as well as it could be closed.

"Put the candle further to that side. I could see the light through the trees," he said. "We don't want any Home Guards coming nosing in here. Well—what have you done, Anderson? Has she told you?"

"No."

"Why not? I thought you had some influence with her?" The sarcasm in his voice brought the color to Martin's face.

"Kay doesn't know," he said sullenly. "If she did I don't suppose she would tell. There are a few people who can't be bullied or bought."

A faint sneering smile passed over Curtis' mouth—the only expression she had ever seen touch that impassive face. But she felt there was some difference in him. He seemed to be working under a great strain.

"You told a different story to Magda when you thought she might leave you to rot. She will yet. Still, we'll see what I can do." He turned sharply to Kay: "Where's your R.A.P. boy friend?"

What would he believe? It was not easy to deceive these cold, dark reptilian eyes. Not, of course, that Andy had gone up to town to inform the police. She plunged. "He's practising."

"Practising?"

"He's a musician. I came out alone. He's going to meet me here presently."

Martin said slowly: "That's not true, Kay. You came up here to meet me. You weren't expecting Mayne."

She glanced at him wildly. "But they will come and look for me. I said I'd be back before dark. They will come, I'm sure."

"It will have to be soon," said Curtis, dryly. "If you don't tell us what we want to know. Martin's not used to this sort of thing. He's too soft. There's no time for softness now. We've got to know where Boris Arnheim is in hospital, and we've got to know now."

"I don't know," Kay said. "I really don't know."

Curtis made a little gesture, half-irritated, half hopeless—obviously he believed her. He turned round and said angrily to Martin, as though the blame for the whole thing could be laid at his door. "She doesn't know. If you'd had any savvy you'd have seen that. Where's Mayne—it's Mayne we want to question."

Kay's heart shook with relief. Andy's early departure had been a good move. They did not know he had gone to London—no one had been watching the farm before dawn.

Curtis pointed with his revolver to the ladder which led up to the

trap in the floor of the room above. It was bolted, and he spoke briefly to Martin, who climbed up, and with an effort pulled the rusty bolt, and pushed the trap up. It creaked on its hinges with a mournful sound. Martin dropped down to the floor, and Curtis said roughly to Kay: "Get up there, and keep quiet—yelling won't do any good."

Martin said nervously: "What are you going to do? If she doesn't know where the man is, she doesn't know. There's no point in keeping her."

"She's staying here until we're in the clear. I'm not letting her go now to run to the cops and have a hue and cry after us within the hour. We've a lot to do, and she'll be safe here for a long while—perhaps a very long while if we catch up with Mayne."

"You can't leave her here to starve. She might not be found for weeks."

"Don't be a fool! They're bound to start looking for her soon—perhaps too soon. Hurry up—get up into that loft."

Kay swung up the ladder into the low room above the sloping eaves. It was pitch dark, and the airless smell of dust and mould was more pronounced than ever. They did not close the trap, and the dim flickering glow of the candle made a faint square of light in the floor.

She began to move cautiously round the wall like a blind woman, feeling the dirty surface for a window, or some opening. The cobwebs clung to her fingertips. She found the window, drawing her hand back with a stifled exclamation as a jagged glass edge cut her fingers.

It was only a shallow surface cut, but she felt the blood trickle down her wrist. She tried again, more cautiously—the pane was broken, boards before it. Shutters? That would be easy if she could find the bolt.

It would not be a very difficult drop from the window down to the ground outside. Carefully her fingers felt for bolts, but there were none. The windows were boarded up from outside, and further careful examination showed they were strong and heavily nailed. You would need a crowbar to get out that way.

She stood uncertainly, her heart still beating painfully, trying not to yield to panic that swept up and threatened to engulf her. She was being idiotic. If Curtis did not kill her, which apparently he did not intend to do yet, Gerda would send someone to look for her soon. Even if Andy did not return to-night she would get some of the farm workers or the police on her track.

Quietly she moved across to the trapdoor. In the room below she could still hear the two men talking. Curtis' voice was irritable and angry, Martin's an explanatory and placatory murmur.

What would they do, this extraordinary trio? Get away from the country, as Martin had said? It sounded impossible, but people like Magda and Curtis must have their own underground channels. But they wanted desperately to silence Arnheim first, so that no real proof of Magda's identity and activities could follow her.

Kay thought: I would kill Martin if I could. That's horrible, because once he meant so much to me. But he is an enemy now. He is helping these people.

What did he think Magda would do? What would he stand to gain by sacrificing everything to her? Even if she allowed him to accompany her from the country, what kind of a fool's dream of paradise had he promised himself with her? Did he think he could pick up the career he had murdered for her sake and start again in some foreign country?

The rain was over now. It was so quiet up on the cliff top that she must have heard people searching if there had been any near. There were only the two men, with their faint murmured talk in the room below, and if she started to make a noise Curtis would shoot her for her pains. It was incredible to her that he had not done so already.

Martin, of course, might be aqueamish when it came to violence. In cold blood she could prefer Curtis' downright villainy to Martin's pallid meddling. Then she knew why she had been spared so far. She knew why Curtis had not

killed her. She and Andy shared their knowledge. To silence one forever was useless while the other still lived.

Moreover, they could be used against each other. The use of hostages was an old trick with the enemy.

They were waiting downstairs—for what? Another train had come in since she left the house. Had Andy been on it? Did Curtis know he had returned and was expecting him to come and look for her?

As the thought passed through her mind she heard him—the low, quick whistle she had heard yesterday under her window, when he had stood in the sunset feeding the doves. Again nearer, and then his voice, calling, quite close in the darkness outside. "Kay! Kay! Where are you? Kay!"

She crept closely up to the boarded window, listening breathlessly, knowing from the silence below that the two men were listening also. She listened, heard the swift call and whistle again, very near, and could hear feet trampling confidently through the thick bracken.

In blind panic, she knew that she must warn him, and she began to shout desperately, as loudly as she could, cupping her mouth to make her voice carry, a voice that sounded hoarse and unnatural, and unlike her own: "Don't come in, go away. Andy—go to the village—get the police—don't come here—Curtis is here."

The footsteps ceased abruptly—she knew he was standing in the darkness outside, listening—she could almost see him, dark head tilted, very still, and called again for him to go away, beating against the boards across the windows until she heard Curtis say in his thick, ugly voice: "Shut the girl up. All right, Mayne. Don't go—come in here, we're waiting for you."

Martin came to the head of the ladder and said: "Kay, be quiet. No good can come of doing that—you'll only hurt yourself."

She covered in the darkness, not replying to him, and he turned and went down again.

She heard Andy's footsteps cross the doorstep and enter the cottage, and she leaned against the dirty wall, exhausted, drained of all further effort.

This was the end. The other side had won.

To be concluded



## She Keeps Fit

A clear skin and bright sparkling eyes are signs of radiant health. You, too, can keep healthy—free from constipation by taking Nyal Figsen. Chew one or two Figsen tablets before going to bed. In the morning Figsen acts—gently yet thoroughly, without pain or discomfort. Figsen is sold only by qualified chemists. 24 tablets—1/3.

## Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

## Eight-to-the-Bar!

## NOVELTY PIANO ALBUMS

Featuring America's Latest Musical Craze

## BOOGIE WOOGIE

Be up-to-date! Be popular! Play Boogie Woogie solos by America's leading composers. 8 Albums to choose from by:

Pete Johnson.  
Meade "Lux" Lewis.  
Teddy Wilson.  
Billy Kyle.  
Albert Ammons.  
Mary Lou Williams.  
Woody Herman.  
Hazel Scott.

Each book contains five solos.

Price per book 5/-

Postage 2d.

Obtainable from all Music Sellers.

Publishers: D. Davis &amp; Co., Pty., Ltd., 250 Pitt Street, Sydney.

## CUTEX MANICURE PREPARATIONS

## Emery Boards

Cutex Emery Boards are preferable to steel files because they are safe to use on the most delicate nail, and do not need pressure for shaping.

## Manicure Sticks

Do not splinter

LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE

## Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, have Broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys, so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

## Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical test and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically

prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily, saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back. Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, as your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 3 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Treatment for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

**"In the Army now"**

I can't help you with your home beautifying and well-kept garden, because I'm no Defence work, producing Australia's war equipment and fighting men, and that's a great commitment to "Dulux" quality.

**BALM DULUX**

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH SUPERBES CHANNELS AND VARNISHES

**BUT I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER**

British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

**ASTHMA Curbed Quickly**

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigor so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

**Mendaco**

Relieves Asthma . . . Now 6/- and 12/-

**For COUGHS, COLDS & FLU WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE**



FOR PERFECT BAKING RESULTS — USE SELF RAISING FLOUR CONTAINING A&W PHOSPHATES — THE AERATOR

BETTER BAKING — ADDED FOOD VALUE

AT NO EXTRA COST —

THE A&W SEAL

SELF RAISING FLOUR PHOSPHATE AERATOR

CASH

**MUMMY SAID ..**  
**"BE SURE IT HAS**  
**THE A & W SEAL"**

Phosphate Aerator not only gives that delightful lightness which characterises a high-class scone but materially adds to the nutritive value. Phosphate is absolutely necessary for every part of our body; without it no organ could function and life itself would be impossible. It so happens that Australian wheat has a lower phosphate content than European and American but fortunately this disability can be overcome by adding phosphate aerator to the flour and recent research has shown that this is utilised in the body quite as well as that naturally present.

Specially written by Professor W. A. OSBORNE,  
M.B., B.Sc., F.R.S.

Already thousands of little Australians know that a packet of self-raising flour must show the "A&W" Seal if Mummy is to be sure of baking the very nicest cakes, scones and pastry. In England and Canada "A&W" Phosphates replaced "old-fashioned" aerators years ago.

Yes, the "A&W" Seal on the packet guarantees that only the best aerator has been used — meaning lighter scones, finer textured sponges, and more appetising appearance to all Mummy's home-mades.

But besides better "raising" "A&W" Phosphates supply the vital phosphate health element to every diet. Your grocer is familiar with the "A&W" Seal. He will recommend it with confidence.

# A & W

# PHOSPHATES

SUPERSEDES ALL OTHER AERATORS



PRODUCTS OF  
ALBRIGHT & WILSON (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Distributed by IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES  
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

MELBOURNE  
Elder Smith & Co. Limited, Adelaide and Perth

SYDNEY  
Chemical and Textile Agencies Pty. Ltd., Launceston